

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, *Editor*

EMMETT KILPATRICK, *Co-Editor*



Published by the
State Department
of
Archives and History

Vol. 15

No. 1

SPRING ISSUE

1953

CONTENTS

Editorial	5
Wetumpka Founders Day	9
Address by Thomas D. Russell	15
Historic Sites in Alabama (Etowah-Monroe Counties)	25
Some Alabama Women Writers	57
Reconstruction in Bullock County <i>by</i> <u>CECIL E. McNAIR</u>	75 ✓
The Days that are no More, by Ella Storrs Christian	126

EDITORIAL

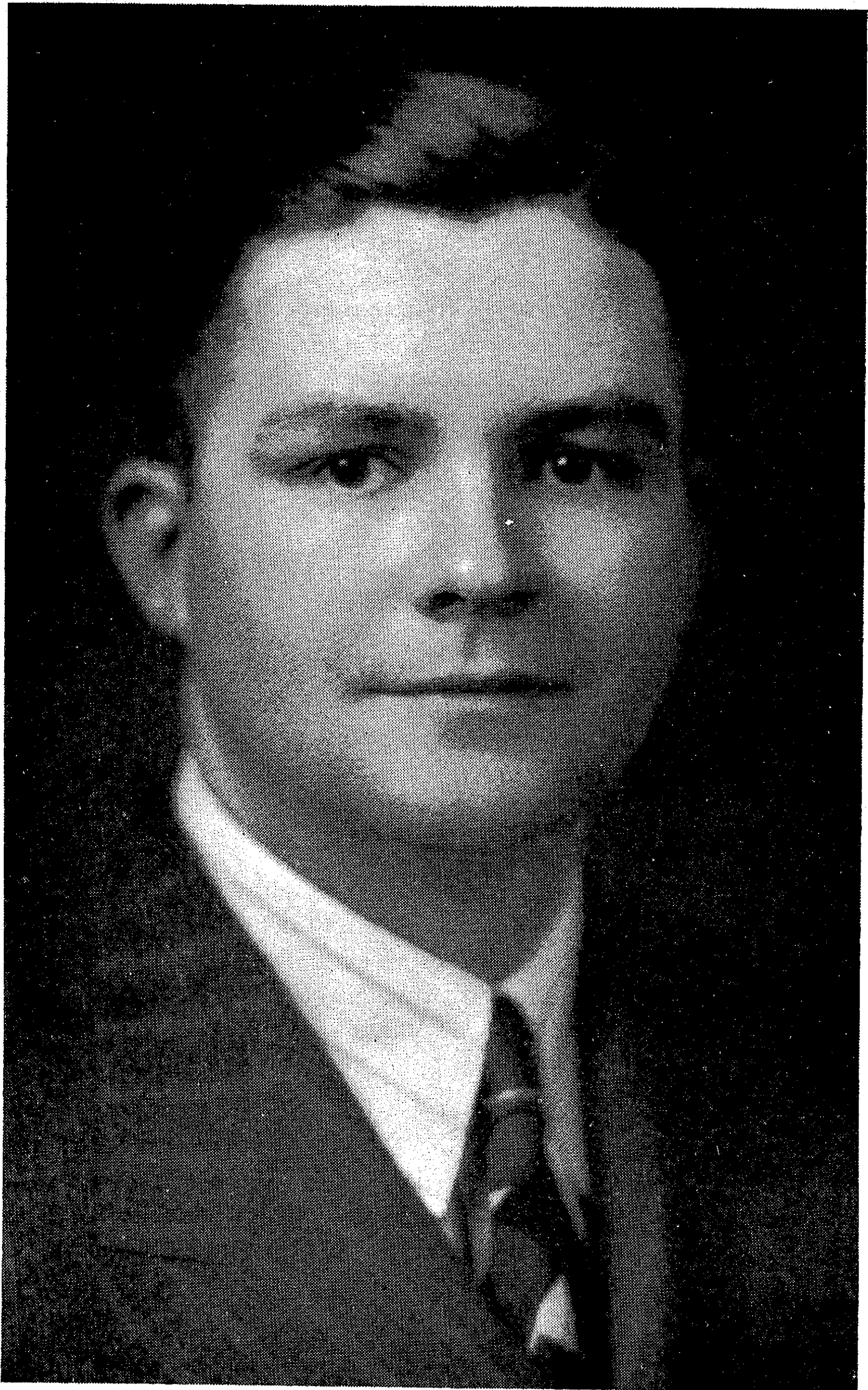
The contents of this issue of the Quarterly consists of a variety of subjects, all historical and informing to the reader. The Editor who was present at the commemoration of Wetumpka's Founders Day, was inspired with the hope that every County in the State would follow the example of Elmore and inform the present generation of its past history as well as its current opportunities. The luncheon attended by several hundred local leaders as well as celebrities from throughout the State had as the climax of its many brilliant addresses a speech by Thomas D. Russell of Alexander City which is presented in this magazine with the approval of those who heard it.

The article on "Historic Sites in Alabama" is a continuation of the subject from the last two Quarterlies and will be concluded in the next issue. The sketches of Miss Frances Nimoo Greene, of Montgomery and Birmingham, and Mrs. Belle Richardson Harrison, of Tuscaloosa, brilliant Alabama writers who are both now dead, inform the present generation of the work of those two celebrated women. Sketches of other women writers will follow in future issues of the Quarterly.

Those in Alabama and other States who are not familiar with the painful struggles of our people under Reconstruction, will be greatly enlightened by Mr. Cecil E. McNair's article. "Reconstruction in Bullock County," written in fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Alabama in 1931.

The first half of Mrs. Ella Christian's article "The Days that are No More" appeared in the last issue of the Quarterly and is concluded in this one and gives our younger readers an insight into the home life of a typically aristocratic family, surrounded by slaves and also shows the changes in that household following the end of the War Between the States.

Editor.



Merrill C. Wall, Mayor of Wetumpka, Ala.

MERRILL CRAWFORD WALL

Mr. Wall, Mayor of Wetumpka, was born October 30, 1912, at Wetumpka, Elmore County, and is the son of Thomas Crawford and Lovie I. (Bachelor) Wall, also of Wetumpka. His grandparents were E. Z. and Nancy Wall, of Eclectic, and John and Laura A. Bachelor, of near Wetumpka.

Mayor Wall was educated in the grammar school and graduated from Wetumpka High School, May 1930. He graduated at the University of Alabama with the B. S. degree in the School of Commerce and Business Administration, 1934, and in the Law Department of the University in 1937 and entered upon the practice of that profession in Wetumpka in September of the same year.

He was Special Agent, Counter Intelligence Corps, Military Intelligence, U. S. Third Army; also U. S. 12th Army Group, in France and Germany, 1942-1945; Sergeant in U. S. Air Corps, 1942. He was elected Mayor of Wetumpka, 1952, a position he holds at the present time. He is a Democrat and a Baptist.

Married: April 26, 1950, at Wetumpka, Marion Frances, daughter of Paul and Josephine M. Arant, of that town. Children: (1) Nancy Ann Wall.

WETUMPKA FOUNDERS DAY, FEBRUARY 13-14, 1953

By Marie Bankhead Owen

The enterprising people of Wetumpka celebrated its 119th birthday on February 13th and 14th, the occasion being another milestone in the history of one of Alabama's oldest communities. Wetumpka is the County seat of Elmore County and is located on the Coosa River at the head of navigation, twelve miles northeast of Montgomery. The County is rich in natural resources and was perhaps more densely peopled than any other section of the Creek Indian Nation. Practically all of its many village sites have been identified, their history written and many of them marked by the Alabama Anthropological Society and patriotic organizations.

DeSoto passed through the section on September 1, 1540, entering it near what is now Central and after visiting Ulibahali, crossed the river just below the former Wares Ferry. There are many large mound and town sites throughout the County. Four miles south of Wetumpka on the Coosa River the French when they occupied Alabama located a fort in 1714, named it Toulouse in honor of the son of Louis XIV, and head of the French Navy. The site was well chosen as it connected the Indians and the great trade routes from the Carolinas to the Louisiana country and was at the head of navigation of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers, the two great streams which form the Alabama River, for which the State itself is named. Another purpose the French had in building the fort was to check the military and commercial advances of the British.

The history of the fort was romantic although full of conflict. Marchand, who commanded the fort, married the Indian princess, Sehoi, by whom he became the father of a little girl who in later years married the Scotch trader, Lachlan McGillivray, and herself became the mother of the distinguished Alexander McGillivray.

Another Commandant, around whom is woven a romantic story, was D'Aubant, whom it is said was married to a Russian princess and that he brought her to the fort and built a cabin in a field near by that she might have more comfortable quarters.

After the Treaty of Paris, when France ceded all of Louisiana east of the Mississippi to the English, the French Commandant spiked the cannon and the fort finally fell into disuse and decay. However, in 1814, after General Andrew Jackson had defeated the Creek Indians, the fort

was repaired to some extent and there General Jackson on August 9, 1814, concluded a treaty of peace with the Creek leader, William Weatherford, "Red Eagle," who rode into the camp and begged General Jackson to let the old people and children who were dying in the swamps and woods to go to their homes. The site was marked by the Colonial Dames in 1911, and the State purchased a small acreage which is now under the Conservation Department.

Elmore County was created by the Legislature, February 15, 1866, its territory originally part of four other Counties. It was named in honor of John Archer Elmore, a native of Virginia, a soldier of the American Revolution in the Virginia Line, afterwards a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, an early settler of Alabama and a member of the Legislature and a General in the militia of the State. The family residence "Huntingdon," is a very handsome country home, still owned by members of the Elmore family. The family burying ground is on the place.

By an Act of the State Legislature the City of Wetumpka was incorporated in 1834. In addition to being an historical occasion, Founders Day was designed to bring to the attention of the industrialists and executives throughout the country the assets of Wetumpka. The idea was first advanced as a Trade Day by the Wetumpka Herald. However, after several conferences it was felt that "Founders Day" would be more fitting. Mr. Austin R. Martin was Chairman of the Founders Day Committee and Mr. Will Lacy, President of the Retail Merchants Association and his organization were sponsors of Founders Day. The Mayor of Wetumpka, Oklahoma, co-operated with the program and brought a number of citizens from that namesake town of Wetumpka to the celebration, including some Indians. The morning program was held in the open in front of the Court House and included speeches, choral music and a number of unique features. Mr. Merrill C. Wall, Mayor of Wetumpka, presided at these exercises.

Enthusiasm was aroused by the Wetumpka Herald which brought out an Extra carrying the programs and a great many historical items, among them the statement that Wetumpka was settled by white people in 1714, although of course, there were already many Indians in the community. It was incorporated in 1834, and the census of 1950 showed

a population of 3,813. In addition to historical articles the Herald had many sketches of men and organizations making history of the community at the present time .

In addition to Wetumpka there were sketches in the Herald of other Elmore County towns, including Tallassee, Eclectic, Elmore, Robinson Springs, Coosada and Millbrook among them. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that there is in the County an abundance of water power, natural gas, natural resources and fine agricultural land and that in addition to the agricultural crops the County is stressing livestock. It was also stated that the County of Elmore has a population of above 31,000 and that it has no bonded indebtedness. The assessed value of property is \$20,942,468, and there are 6,745 automobiles and vehicles of all types. One of the articles in the newspaper was a story of the interesting historic old homes of the town and community and Wetumpka's early churches. A luncheon was held at the Community House with several hundred people present, including visitors from other points as well as local business and professional leaders.

In the afternoon a parade was held in the business district, and the floats were historical and of great interest. That night there was gospel singing and the following day there was a basket ball game between visitors from Wetumpka, Oklahoma and local Wetumpka players. The program wound up with a square dance at the Community House on Saturday night.



Thomas Dameron Russell

THOMAS DAMERON RUSSELL

Mr. Russell was born October 12, 1903, at Alexander City, Tallapoosa County, Alabama, and now resides at that place. His parents were Benjamin and Roberta Bacon (McDonald) Russell, also of Alexander City, the former the President of Russell Manufacturing Company, also of the First National Bank of Alexander City and the Alabama State Chamber of Commerce. His grandparents were Benjamin Francis Commander and Elisabeth (Henderson) Russell, of Alexander City, and Joseph Bibb and Henrietta Alston (Bacon) McDonald, of Athens, Ala. Both grandfathers were soliders in the Confederate Army and the Grandfather McDonald was County Solicitor of Tallapoosa County. His great-great-grandfather William McDonald and his father, Joseph McDonald, fought in the Revolutionary War, as did his great-great-grandfather John Russell. Lt Bryan McDonald came to America in 1684 and settled in New Castle, Delaware. His great-grandfather Jessie Russell settled in Tallapoosa County, Alabama, in 1844. His great-great-great-grandfather James Russell, came to Charleston, S. C., in 1754 from England.

Mr. Thomas D. Russell was educated in the public schools of Alexander City and graduated with the degree of A.B. at the University of Alabama in 1925 where he was a member of the Chi Phi Fraternity and the Arch Club. He began his work with the Russell Manufacturing Company at Alexander City in 1925 and has occupied the positions of Purchasing Agent, Vice President in 1930, and President in 1945. He has also been Vice-President and President of Russell Foundry Company, Alexander City Manufacturing Company, Alexander City Grocery Company and Director and Chairman of the Board of the First National Bank of Alexander City. He has been President of the Alexander City Board of Education from 1948 to the present, also of the Planning Board from 1946 to the present and Chairman of the Governor's Committee on Aid to the Handicapped. He is at this time President of the State Chamber of Commerce; Director, American Cotton Manufacturers Institute, 1952 and member of its Executive Board, Vice-Chairman, Underwear Institute, 1952; Chairman of Board, George Washington Carver Foundation, 1949 to the present; a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama, Howard College and Tuskegee Institute. He is

also a member of the Newcomen Society and the Sons of the American Revolution.

Married: in Attalla, March 7, 1929, Julia Antoinette, daughter of George Philips and Beatrice (Gentry) Walker, of Attalla. Her paternal grandparents were Dr. Virgil Homer and Antoinette (Walker) Walker; maternal grandparents were Rev. Robert David and Nancy Crawford (McLeod) Gentry. All four grandparents came from around Eastmas, Ga. The great-great-grandfather, George Walker, came to America in 1750 and served in the Revolutionary Army. Children: 1. Nancy Elisabeth, m. Eugene Cleveland Gwaltney, Jr., Alexander City; 2. Julia Walker, m. Robert Wilson Goree, Atlanta, Ga.; 3. Ann Roberta, m. William Gordon LeGrand, "Russwood," Alexander City.

ADDRESS HONORING FOUNDERS DAY OF WETUMPKA

*By Thomas D. Russell,
President Russell Manufacturing Company*

I am very flattered that you have selected me to make this address on the occasion of your 119th birthday. Certainly I am very much interested in Wetumpka and Elmore County. As a matter of fact, I am a part time citizen of your county, because I spend a lot of time in my cottage on Lake Martin, and our company owns a tract of land and pays taxes to Elmore County. So, therefore, I can rightfully speak as a native and not as a stranger among you.

119 years is a long time. Very few men have ever lived to reach that age—but a city is different from a man. At such an age a man has reached far beyond the ordinary span of life. His day has long since passed. His period of usefulness is already over. He is merely existing and that is all. A city, however, is a collection of men, as one generation passes on another takes its place and carries on without any apparent interruption. The older a city gets the stronger it grows. At 119 years Wetumpka is just beginning to reach its period of adolescence. Its era of progress and growth is by no means finished. As a matter of fact, it has only begun. You people have had a wonderful past, but the future is full of promise of bigger and better things yet to come. 119 years is indeed a long time in the life of a man, but it is only a short span in the life of a nation, a state, or a city. Cities are made up of people and people are mortal, they are born, they live and flourish for a time and then they are gone. But a city goes on and on building upon the ashes of the past, generation follows generation, each taking up where the other left off and constantly building better and better and growing larger and larger.

Such is the history of Wetumpka. Such is the history of most of the cities of our nation. But this is not always true. Cities have been known to stop growing and fall backward—thriving cities have ceased to prosper and have become ghost towns, either mere shadows of their former selves or abandoned entirely. This has happened in the past and can happen again. Why? Because their foundations were insecure—because their temporary prosperity was imaginary and not real. To be secure and to grow a city must be built on a firm foundation. It must

have substance and character and not fantasy and illusion. It's economy must be sound and it's resources must be sufficient to support its population. Those cities who faded and wasted away did not have the necessary attributes to continued prosperity and so they fall by the way.

Here in Wetumpka you have proven beyond any doubt that you possess all of the qualities that are necessary to make a fine substantial city. You are strategically located in a fine agricultural section with an extensive trade area. You have healthy, growing industries. You have an abundant water supply—you are almost surrounded by rivers and lakes and near at hand are giant hydroelectric plants. Your trade area is populous and prosperous. Your bank and business houses are sound and flourishing. What you want and what you need is only more of what you already have in order to become an even bigger and better city.

The question that arises in your mind is how can these things be accomplished. That same question is in everyone's mind all over the country. Big cities want to become bigger. Towns want to become cities. Small cities want to become big cities. Everyone wants to increase what they already have and this is a perfectly normal and creditable ambition. It is the American dream. Such ambitions create competition. Competition among cities as well as among individuals. Cities compete with each other in trying to persuade industries that their city is the best of all cities for that particular industry. They try to show that their city is the best possible city in which to live and thrive and be happy ever-after. As in individual competition, the law of supply and demand enters the picture. It seems that there are more towns and cities seeking new industry than there are industries seeking towns and cities. There are just not enough to go around.

So if you are not among the fortunate few where new industry is located you must face the problem of expanding what you already have or creating new industries through your own initiative. This certainly presents a difficult problem, but not an impossible one.

Big industries are nothing in the world except small plants which have grown into large ones. I hope you will not think that I am being boastful if I use our own company as an illustration of what I mean. During the past 50 years, and within the memory of many of you here, our plant grew from a small knitting mill employing a dozen people to

seven large mills employing nearly three thousand people. This growth was accomplished without the use of outside capital or help of any kind. Remember too that this was accomplished by local, home born, home bred people. My father who started and expanded this enterprise was born and grew up just a few miles north of the Elmore-Tallapoosa County line.

This story is but one example of many thousands of such stories that have happened all over the United States. Our industrial history is full of success stories.—A poor mechanic who built an empire and put the nation on wheels—a young telegraph operator who created miracles out of electricity and sound. Simple merchants who magnified their small stores into giant department stores serving millions, and I could go on and on relating to you stories of the giants of today who started crawling, and then walking, and then striding with seven league boots across the world.

Of course all of these things were created by men of exceptional courage and genius. But genius has been described by one of these men as being the quality of infinite patience and hard work. There are potential geniuses in every city and hamlet in America. Men who are capable of great deeds if they have the proper backing and are given the chance to go ahead. The qualities of leadership are in many people if they have the courage and will to make use of these qualities.

Cities are but a collection of people. If these people are civic minded, hard working, progressive, then a city will be prosperous. If they are lazy, indifferent, self-centered, then you will have a stagnant community. When a city becomes stagnant it begins to decay. Specifically it is dead and just waiting around for the funeral.

I mentioned before that you have a large prosperous agricultural area that you should be proud of. Here in Elmore County you have some of the most beautiful farmland that I have ever seen any where in this country. Your farmers are progressive and wide awake. The progress they have achieved is recognized all over Alabama. They are constantly improving their methods and increasing the productivity of their soil. During the past few years this progress has been nothing short of miraculous and the results are apparent on every hand.

The entire appearance of our rural landscape has undergone a radical change during the past 10 years. Everywhere you see well terraced, scientifically plowed fields, beautiful pasture lands covered with clover and grass, well fenced, and with ponds of water scattered all over. Fine cattle by the thousands. The old log cabin or the unpainted shack is almost a thing of the past. All over the country you find comfortable, well built homes, attractively designed and freshly painted. These homes have all of the modern conveniences that are available to city dwellers. You see brand new cars and trucks, tractors and other mechanical equipment. Neat barns and out buildings dot the landscape. Beautiful lawns and shrubbery have taken the place of the broom brushed, hard clay yards of yesterday. Paved roads have replaced the muddy trails of only a few years ago. The life of a farmer today is a far cry from the rugged existence that was taken for granted only a few years ago. The farmers income has increased manifold and his value as a customer for the things you make or sell has increased tremendously.

Before we take all of this too much for granted let us pause for a moment and consider the vast possibilities of the still untapped potential of our land. Have you gone about with your eyes wide open and noticed the many, many thousand of acres of idle-land, land growing nothing but weeds, brown sage and stove wood? Land covered with swamps who only inhabitants are bull frogs and water moccasins. Just think what could happen if this idle land were placed under cultivation or turned into pasture. It would provide employment and revenue which would be worth more to this city than half a dozen industries.

Another thought occurs to me at this time—Are we getting the best possible revenue from the soil. Could not other crops be raised that would bring in more revenue per acre. This brings up the question of a market for such crops. Does your city provide a ready cash market for the products of the farmer? No farmer is going to raise a crop that cannot be readily marketed at a nearby market. Does your city ship out all of these products to other cities to be processed and made ready for consumer use? Aren't you overlooking something very important in this field? I can visualize a very big source of income and employment with not a great deal of capital expenditure. Why let other cities reap the advantage of processing and packing the products grown by the farmers around Wetumpka? Here is only one example of what you can do locally if you have the proper planning and the will to do. In this way

you could establish a partnership between agriculture, industry and merchants that will benefit all of your people. As the people around you prosper so will Wetumpka.

Near Wetumpka you have two of the most beautiful lakes in the country. People over the state are just beginning to realize the availability of these lakes for vacation purposes. Nowhere in the United States will you find more beauty, better fishing, boating, swimming and all other water sports.

Our company is just starting out on a program to make the area around Kowaliga Bridge an ideal resort. We are building summer homes at a rapid pace. Recently we turned over an area to the State of Alabama to be used as a state park. Already the state has built roads, beaches, tables, barbecue pits, bathing houses, boat launching ramps. They are now in the process of building a cat walk on the side of the bridge so people can fish from it in safety. On week ends there are thousands of people who use this beautiful state park, and the state is now asking for more land to expand this park. We are also building a large store and dining hall and a number of cabins in connection with this project to take care of visitors who wish to come to Lake Martin. As time goes on we plan to continue to enlarge these facilities to take care of the demand. People from Alabama and many other areas will be using these lakes more and more. Wetumpka is certainly in a strategic spot to take advantage of this great influx of people who will be visiting these lakes in larger and larger numbers all of the time. Here is an opportunity to play up your tourist business and bring in a large amount of additional revenue into your city. And while we are on that subject do not minimize the attractions of the great hydroelectric power plants here in your county. They are certainly sights well worth seeing and are attracting thousands of visitors to your city. Then what about Jasmine Hill and historical Harrogate Springs, where can you find a lovelier spot? Do people from over the state know of all these things you have to offer? I don't believe they do. I don't believe that you yourselves realize what is here right under your nose. Perhaps you are already advertising your city and county but I don't believe you are doing it sufficiently. I believe you are being too modest and hiding your light under a bushel. The world will never realize what you have here unless you advertise what you have to offer and believe me you have plenty of sights to offer the travelling public.

Leaving your tourists attractions, I would like to suggest another source of income which can be developed with what you already have. I refer to your forests which have been depleted to an alarming extent. Forestry has, within the past few years, been developed into an almost exact science. Given the land which requires no cultivation, and comparatively cheap pine seedlings, anyone can start a forest and in an amazingly short time can start getting revenue from their investment. A tree farm if properly planted and properly managed, will not only bring in revenue within a few years but will continue to grow and produce throughout the years. With the advent of the huge paper mills, the demand for pulp wood is increasing all of the time, and the demand for timber is insatiable. Here indeed is a most profitable use for idle, poor lands not suitable for growing crops. Another indirect advantage is that these forests will hold and stabilize your watersheds and prevent the costly floods and erosion that are doing so much damage to our soil.

Looking toward the future. I can see great possibilities in the development of your waterways. Wetumpka could easily become one of the major ports along the Coosa-Alabama waterway system. It is absolutely certain that should this waterway be developed, it would give Wetumpka an added advantage of cheap water transportation and open up undreamed possibilities for the future. This is no idle dream but an actual possibility in the not too distant future.

Among the many advantages you have, do not forget the most important—the people of Wetumpka. You have here as fine a group as you will find anywhere on earth. Intelligent, native born, honest, hard working, respectable people. They are friendly people, they like each other and respect the rights of others—you have no classes or cliques. The merchants, the workers, the industrialist work together hand in hand. You have no hatreds or ill feelings among you. Here you have a healthy, friendly atmosphere and as long as you keep this spirit, life will be pleasant and you will continue to prosper and grow.

As in every city, you have to have leaders—men who are willing to devote their time and energy to the good of their city and their fellow men. Without such leaders, no city can prosper, no city can grow and no city will be a decent place in which to live and work. You are fortunate indeed in the calibre of your leaders—these are the men who head your civic clubs and who are always out in front in every community effort that is undertaken. These are the men who are responsible for

your excellent schools, your churches, your recreational facilities. Business and industry are important to a city but these things are but the body, not the soul of a community. As you see to your business interests be sure that you do not neglect your children, for they will be your leaders of tomorrow and they should be given every possible opportunity.

Here I would like to add a word of caution. Never get to the point where you are complacent and satisfied with things as they are. You can never have an ideal community—you can only approach that ideal. What is adequate today will be utterly inadequate tomorrow. You must keep constantly at the job, working, planning and scheming for tomorrow and the day after. That and that alone, can make the difference between an excellent city and just another dot on the oil company's map.

As president of the Alabama State Chamber of Commerce, I would like very briefly to call your attention to some of the things the state chamber is set up to do to help cities such as yours. It is our job to work with civic clubs and city and county officials to help you with your problems in every possible way. Our organization is divided into four major departments. Our industrial department is constantly seeking to attract new industry to Alabama. We work with industrial groups, civic groups, the power company, the railroads and all others interested in new industry. Our publicity department is busily engaged in advertising Alabama to the world. We send out letters, maps, pamphlets and all kinds of literature all over the country telling about Alabama and what Alabama offers.

Our agricultural department works with farmers, dairymen, cattlemen, extension services and every agency interested in the promotion of agriculture in our state.

Our research department is engaged in making detailed studies of our taxes, our laws, our educational system and all phases of state finances and laws as they effect business and the people of our state.

We do not work for any individual or minority group. We try as best we know how to represent all of the people of Alabama, justly and impartially—we are not the voice of big business as we are sometimes accused by people ignorant of the facts—we are and will continue to be

the voice of Alabama. Our services are free to everyone and we are always ready and eager to serve the people of our state and try as best we know how to build a greater Alabama.

Despite all of our progress in recent years—Alabama is still a poor state—our per capita income is one of the lowest in the nation. Our schools need more money, our highways are still inadequate. There is but one answer to our dilemma and that is more wealth, more state revenue, more people with more jobs, more people making more money. That is exactly what the state chamber wants and that is what the people of Wetumpka want. Perhaps you do not realize it, but every industry that is located in Alabama, regardless of where it is, benefits every citizen in Alabama. We all benefit, every single one of us. New industry brings in more tax revenue and we all share in that revenue. New revenue means more money for our schools, for our roads and all other governmental functions.

Here in Wetumpka you can use more industry. There are several ways in which this can be accomplished. First, persuade some industry to move or start up a plant in Wetumpka. I can warn you now that takes quite a lot of persuading. Industrialists are being courted and wooed by almost every city in the country. But it is being done and can be done if you are willing to work hard enough and sell your city and yourselves to an industry. Your state chamber of commerce will help you just as much as possible. We will advise you, we will help you contact prospects and show you how best to present your case to industry. You need not expect immediate results, it often takes years of work and constant hammering to get what you want but it is worth it in the end.

A second way to get more industries is to expand what you already have. This is usually a gradual and unspectacular process. Surprising as it may seem, the expansion of existing industry provides many, many more jobs and many times more revenue each year than new industry brings into the state. It is certainly worth giving a lot of thought and planning to see that your existing industries continue to grow.

Still a third way is to create your own industries. An individual or a group of individuals study the needs and resources of a city and decide that it is adapted for a certain industry. Then they start out, usually in a

modest way. If their scheme is properly thought out and well planned, if it is adequately financed and well run, the chances are very good that it will succeed and eventually expand from year to year.

I can give you some examples of small enterprises, started by local capital in other cities which have succeeded. They are food processing plants, garment factories, knitting mills, foundries, wood working plants. These are a few of the many small industries which have been put up with local capital all over the state.

Some of them have been very successful, others have fallen by the wayside. You must remember this; no one has ever succeeded in anything unless he was willing to take risks and try to create something that people want and need; whether it be a manufacturing plant, a store or some service which is needed. This is what has made America what it is today. Private enterprise, the willingness to invest your capital and your skill and knowledge with the prospect of making a profit and providing jobs for others.

In conclusion, I want to congratulate the people of Wetumpka on their 119th birthday. I want to congratulate you on living in such a fine city. I predict that the next 119 years will be greater than the past. I am quite sure that Wetumpka is on the verge of an era of prosperity undreamed of in the past. You have had a glorious past and I can only wish with all my heart, a brilliant future.

HISTORIC SITES IN ALABAMA

(Continued from Volume 14, Numbers 3 and 4. Acknowledgment is made to a volume issued by the State Planning Board with especial reference to historic sites prepared by project workers on Works Projects Administration. Credit is also given to such historians as Thomas M. Owen, Albert J. Pickett, Willis Brewer, Saffold Berney, Smith and DeLand, Peter J. Hamilton, James Adair, Albert S. Gatchett, Benjamin Hawkins, Thomas S. Woodward, Peter A. Brannon, Frederick A. Hodge, William Bartram, Henry S. Halbert.)

Etowah County.—Situated in the northeastern section of the State it is bounded by DeKalb, Cherokee, St. Clair, Calhoun, Blount and Marshall Counties. It was created by the Legislature as Bain County on December 7, 1866, abolished by the Constitutional Convention of 1867, and re-established under the present name, Etowah, by the Legislature, December 1, 1868. The name is Cherokee and means "good tree" or "well bearing tree". Gadsden was chosen as the county seat upon the formation of the County and was named for General James Gadsden, a native of South Carolina, a renowned Indian fighter during the War of 1812.

Etowah County is rich in aboriginal history. It was traversed by DeSoto's expedition in 1540 on its way from Tali, in Marshall County, to Sasqui in St. Clair County in July of that year. The first white settlers came into the County about 1809-10 at which time the Coosa River and Big Willis Creek formed the Cherokee boundary lines. During the Creek Indian War, 1813-14, General Andrew Jackson built a military road from the Tennessee River to the Upper Creek country.

The county was the home of Richard Brown, a Cherokee Indian leader, who aided General Jackson in his campaign and was with him, in a company of Cherokees, at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend. Gadsden, the County seat is one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the State, producing among many things, iron and steel products, textiles, pottery and automobile tires.

Attalla was a Cherokee town of considerable importance during the Creek War. The name means "Farming Indians". It was on the old Creek path. There is an unidentified town site about two miles west of Attalla, on the east bank of Big Willis Creek. Bull Town not far from Turkey Town in Cherokee County, was a branch town of Turkey Town. Estanaula, was also probably a branch town of Turkey Town in Cherokee County. Sullyquah also near Turkey Town was probably also a branch

of Turkey Town. A short distance from that place is Vann's Town. In the bend of the Coosa River in Sec. 10, T. 11 S., R. 7 E, was a Cherokee town, the name of which has not been identified.

Fayette County.—Situated in the northwestern section of the State, Fayette County is bounded by Marion, Walker, Tuscaloosa, Pickens and Lamar Counties. It was created by the Legislature on December 20, 1824, and was named for Gen. LaFayette, Revolutionary hero. The town of Fayette was chosen as the County seat upon the formation of the County. The territory included in the County was off the old Indian trail and there are no references to Indian towns within its border during the historic period. The territory was undoubtedly a common hunting ground for the Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws and was included in the cession of the Chickasaw Council House, September 20, 1816.

Just south of the village of Texas one-half mile back on high ground, is an Indian village site, unidentified as to name and builders. There is a group of mounds along the road northeast of Fayette one-half mile off Sipsey River and near Antioch Church on the McConnell plantation.

Franklin County.—Situated in the northwestern part of the State, it is bounded by Colbert, Lawrence, Marion, Winston Counties and on the west by the Mississippi State Line. It was created by the Territorial Legislature, February 4, 1818. Russellville was the County seat until 1849 when it was moved to Frankfort where it remained until 1879, when Belgreen was chosen as the County seat. In 1891 it was removed to its present location at Russellville.

Few aboriginal sites or evidences of Indian habitation can be noted in that section, being so far removed from the larger water courses. Chickasaw settlements doubtless extended into its borders but they were of no importance. Place names in the County do not suggest Indian origin. Near Cedar Creek, about five miles north of Belgreen there is an extensive village site which has not been identified. Four miles from Russellville, a mound was formerly reported but never identified as to the builders. Sixteen miles from Russellville and about four miles east of Pleasant Site, on Cedar Creek, a mound was formerly reported near the creek but unidentified. About one hundred yards from Belgreen there was an aboriginal burial site. Near old Burleson Postoffice there is a cavern in

which a number of burials have been found. This cavern is four feet high, three feet wide, and fourteen feet long. The earthenware found there suggests earlier occupancy than the tribes found in the region.

The first blast furnace in Alabama, near Rockwood on Cedar Creek, was built by Joseph Heslip in 1818, and was operated until 1833. It was used for the smelting of brown ore which was picked up on the surface near the furnace and melted with charcoal fuel burned from the native woods in the vicinity. Improved methods of smelting red ore made the smelting of brown ore unprofitable and resulted in the abandonment of this furnace, the remains of which are still visible.

About five miles from Phil Campbell there is a weird and curious ravine with outstanding flora and rock formations. The name of "Dismal" was given by the early pioneers who did not venture into it on account of its weird features. It made an excellent hide-out for Indians and hunters. This canyon has three entrances which can be reached only on foot. It contains many magnificent hemlocks, spruce pine, cucumber trees, white holly, chestnut and other outstanding flora, giving the ravine a riot of color. The rock formations have many interesting designs and shapes. One mile from Belgreen there is an immense cave containing a great lake that covers about one acre and is 100 feet deep. The shore of the lake is about fifty yards from the entrance to the cave.

Geneva County.—Located in the southeastern section of the State, Geneva County is bounded by Dale, Coffee, Houston and Covington Counties and on the South by the Florida State Line. It was created by the Legislature on December 26, 1868, and named for Geneva, Switzerland, the name given also to the County seat. Along the Choctawhatchee River, which runs through the County, are some aboriginal remains. The mounds have many indications of house sites.

One mile south of Pate's Landing, on the Choctawhatchee River, there are two unidentified Indian mounds, ten feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter, both having indications of house sites. Four or five miles south of Pate's Landing, on the Choctawhatchee River, there is an extensive mound with much aboriginal evidence.

Greene County.—This County lies in the west-central part of the State and is bounded by Pickens, Tuscaloosa, Hale, Marengo and Sumter Counties. It was created by the first State Legislature, December 13

1819, and was named in honor of General Nathaniel Greene, a Revolutionary hero. Erie, now in Hale County was the first County seat. In 1838, the County seat was removed to its present site at Eutaw. The County is rich in aboriginal history on both banks of the Warrior and Tombigbee Rivers and also along the Sipsey River. Many of the mounds are identified with village sites. In the eastern part of the County there are mounds connected with the extensive mounds at Moundville, in Hale County.

One of the identified towns was Cabusko, probably in Greene County, on the west bank of the Warrior River on St. Stephens Bluff. This was probably a Chickasaw town and was visited by DeSoto in 1540. The name means "great water". This was one of three towns that adjoined each other. In Greene County, on the west bank of the Warrior River, at St. Stephens Bluff, was an ancient village Noculi, referred to in the chronicles of DeSoto, who passed through the place in the winter of 1540. It is almost certain that this was the name of the Chief of the village instead of the town as there were many Indians by that name. The exact site of this town has never been identified.

On the east bank of the Tombigbee, at the point where that river enters Greene County, at the mouth of Sipsey River, there was a town called Pafallaya, a Choctaw word that meant "Long Hair". This town extended into Pickens County. Talipakana, on the west bank of the Warrior River, was an aboriginal village passed through by DeSoto after leaving Mauvilla, in November, 1540. At the East Bluffport Landing, on the Tombigbee River there was a village which is unidentified as to its builders and occupants, and another near Sardis Church which adjoins an extensive aboriginal cemetery.

On the Brasswell plantation, three miles south of Forkland, there is a mound and indications of an old Indian town. This is one of the most impressive mounds in the State and is on land high above the wash of freshets and has today as sharp an outline as when first completed but is unidentified as to the builders. In the northeastern part of the County, near Knoxville, there is a group of mounds no doubt connected with the Moundville mounds in Hale County. At Cook's Landing, on the Tombigbee River, there is an Indian mound and one mile below Stephen's Bluff, on the Warrior River there is another, the latter extensive in size.

Near McAlpine's Wood Yard, at Colvin's Landing, on the Warrior River there is a mound and another at Cole's Landing, on the Tombigbee River.

Three miles southwest of Forkland, on the Tombigbee River, there are the remains of an ancient fortification. Near Sardis Church, there is a burial site, in which twenty-five burials, arranged in a circle, with their heads towards the center, were found about 1900.

Hale County.—Located in the west-central part of the State, it is bounded by Tuscaloosa, Bibb, Perry, Marengo and Greene Counties. It was created by the Legislature on January 30, 1867, and was named in honor of Lt. Col. Stephen Fowler Hale, lawyer and Confederate soldier, who was killed at Gaines' Mill in Virginia. Greensboro was chosen as the County seat upon the formation of the County and still remains so.

Few sections in the Southern States can equal, and none north of Mexico, can surpass the wealth of evidence of aboriginal culture shown by the Moundville mound section of the County. These mounds have been thoroughly explored and the results lie in the Heye Museum in New York, having been transferred there from the Philadelphia Academy of Science and removed in 1905-07, from their original source by Dr. Clarence B. Moore of the latter institution.

Other mounds and aboriginal evidences are found scattered throughout the County but they cannot compare with those along the Warrior River. There are about thirty-four mounds in the Moundville group, all but two more than eleven feet in height and one of which is fifty-seven feet high.

At the lower end of Big Heddleston Lake, there is a mound of the truncated pyramid type and a small cemetery which was explored in 1905. A short distance from Cardy's Landing on the Warrior River there is an extensive mound and another below Lock 7, on the Warrior River and near Bohannon's Landing, also on the Warrior River. There are several mounds near Greensboro and also at Newbern.

There are a number of historic homes in Hale County, some in the towns and others in the county. Magnolia Grove, now a State owned historical home, was built in 1837 by the Hobson family of which Admiral Richmond Pearson Hobson, a Naval hero of the Spanish-American War, was a descendant and where he was reared.

Henry County.—Located in the southeastern corner of the State it is bounded by Barbour, Houston, Dale and the Chattahoochee River. It

was created by the Legislature, December 13, 1819, and was named for Patrick Henry, the great Virginia patriot of Revolutionary fame. It has had three County seats, Richmond, Columbia and Abbeville.

In 1817, an Indian uprising caused the settlers to seek refuge at Fort Gaines. After a few months, quiet was restored and all returned to their homes. All along the Chattahoochee River are found numerous evidences of primitive settlements. The Lower Creek towns extended into Henry County and there were possibly many Seminole towns.

The Indian town of Emussa was situated near the influx of the Omussee Creek, now called Messer, into the Chattahoochee River, was a Yamasi village. On the west bank of the Chattahoochee River, four miles north of Cheska Talafa was another Indian town. On the west bank of the Chattahoochee River, four miles below Ki-kai'-Lako was another Indian village by the name of Teskatalofa. This town was first mentioned in 1761, by the English Trade Regulations as having thirty hunters and being assigned to MacCarton and Campbell, Indian traders. The name in the Seminole tongue, means "Base of a Tree". Near Purcell's Landing, on the property of Will Culpepper, there is a group of domiciliary mounds, about four feet high. On the Elbert Mooring place there is an aboriginal cemetery which contains many burials.

Houston County.—Situated in the southeastern corner of the State Houston County is bounded by Henry, The Chattahoochee River, which is the Georgia State boundary line, on the south by the Florida State line and by Geneva and Dale Counties. It was created by the State Legislature on February 9, 1903, and is the newest of the Counties of the State. It was named for Governor George Smith Houston, leader of the movement to restore local self government known as the Reconstruction Period of our history.

Along the Chattahoochee River are found remains of Indian villages which branched out of the Seminole towns of southwestern Georgia and the Flint River region. Burial and domiciliary mounds from which characteristic earthenware has been secured, are found along both the Chattahoochee and the Choctawhatchee Rivers. Six miles northeast of Dothan on Omussee Creek, on the property of T. J. Watson there was a branch town of the Omussee tribe of the Yamasee Indians of the Flint River region. There is a large domiciliary mound on the site of the old town. Five miles below the mouth of Omussee Creek there was a Lower Creek

Town by the name of Yufala one of several towns by that name. Six miles northeast of Dothan on Omussee Creek on the property of T. J. Watson, there is a large domiciliary mound which bears evidence of an old village site, Omussee Mound.

There are several unidentified mounds in the County, one in the Choctawhatchee Swamp, east of the Choctawhatchee River, on the Green Pate place, a burial mound, fifteen feet high and sixty feet in diameter from which some interesting pottery has been secured. Another is located near Fullmore's Upper Landing on the Chattahoochee River on the Cay Thompson property an extensive burial mound from which some characteristic earthenware has been secured. One half mile below Columbia, on the property of W. L. Crawford there is a large domiciliary mound.

Jackson County.—Located in the northeastern corner of the State, Jackson County is bounded by the Tennessee State Line, the Georgia State Line and by DeKalb, Marshall and Madison Counties. It was created by an Act of the State Legislature on December 13, 1819. In 1824, Decatur County was abolished because it lacked the Constitutional number of square miles and its territory divided between Madison and Jackson Counties. The County was named for General Andrew Jackson, hero of the Creek Indian War and President of the United States. Upon the formation of the County, Santa Cave was the temporary County seat but in 1821 Bellefonte was chosen. In 1850 the County seat was removed to Scottsboro, where it has since remained.

Cherokee traditional history holds that their people were the first settlers of the Tennessee Valley. For some reason prior to 1650, they withdrew to the east of the Cumberland Mountains but still retained the valley as their hunting ground. The Shawnees took possession of this territory in 1660, and after many years of war, the Cherokees, with the aid of the Chickasaws, were able about 1721, to drive them out. The County was not generally settled by the aborigines but was used as a hunting ground. During the War Between the States it was the scene of several small skirmishes and raids and occupied by Federal troops several times during the period. Salt peter mines, near Scottsboro, and the Court House at Bellefonte were destroyed by raiding Union troops.

On Crow Creek, one-half mile above its confluence with the Tennessee River, and about four miles south of the present Stephenson, there

was an aboriginal town known as Crowtown. It was a Cherokee town, settled about 1782, by a portion of the Chickamauga Tribe, of the Cherokees, under their chief, "Crow". This was one of the five Lower towns on the Tennessee River. The Chickasaws were inveterate enemies of the whites and from these towns originated many of the bloody excursions on the white settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky. On the south bank of the Tennessee River, at present Larkin's Landing, one and one-half miles north of Lankston was located the Cherokee village of Coösada, established about 1784. At Bridgeport, on Long Island, in the Tennessee River, there was a Cherokee town, one of the five Lower towns of the Tennessee Valley which was given the name of Long Island town. During the dry season, the shoals of the river afforded a crossing place, and was used by the Creeks to reach their hunting grounds in Tennessee.

On North Santa Creek, about five miles from Scottsboro was located the town of Santa, a Cherokee village. Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet made known his invention at that Cherokee village which was later occupied by the Episcopal Mission School. Near Skelton's Spring, at the site of the Claud Payne home, is an abandoned village site with burial grounds. On the west bank of the Tennessee River, one mile north of Bridgeport, is a large mound. On the right bank of that river just above the mouth of Widow's Creek and about four miles south of Bridgeport, there are two mounds. On the west bank of the Tennessee, three miles below Bridgeport, there are three small mounds.

On the Tennessee River, near Williams' or Lone Oak Landing, on the property of Judge J. J. Williams, there are four mounds that contain burials. Ten miles below Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River, on the property of J. H. Cameron, near Caperton's Ferry, there is a burial mound and opposite this point on the Rudder property are two mounds. At the Snodgrass Landing on the Tennessee River there are two mounds.

Near Garland's Ferry on the Tennessee River are a cemetery and a dwelling site in which many burials have been found. These burials, like many others along the Tennessee River, are enclosed in stone slabs. All mounds and Indian town sites along the Tennessee River have been explored by the Tennessee Valley Authority and are now submerged in that development.

Fort Stevenson was a Confederate fortification built during the War Between the States, 1861-65, and was evacuated to the Union forces

several times. Harker Batteries was part of this fortification. On a bluff overlooking Bridgport and the Tennessee, was a fortified place occupied by both Federal and Confederate troops during the War Between the States. In some places some of the old breastworks are still found in a good state of preservation. In the northeastern section, at the present town of Stevenson about nine miles southwest of Bridgport, Harker Battery was located at Fort Stevenson.

Jefferson County.—Situated in the north-central part of the State, Jefferson County is bounded by Walker, Blount, St. Clair, Shelby, Tuscaloosa and Bibb Counties. It was created by the State Legislature on December 13, 1819, out of territory taken from Blount County. It was named in honor of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. The first County business was transacted at a place called Carrollsville but in 1821, Elyton was selected as the County seat which retained that honor until 1871, when Birmingham was named by popular election.

The territory occupied by Jefferson County was in the common hunting ground used by the Creeks, Cherokees and Chickasaws, but was not settled by any of them. Scattered throughout the County are some evidences of primitive occupancy, but as the territory was away from the thickly settled parts these remains are not extensive.

An Upper Creek town that was located in the County was on Turkey Creek near Trussville. One mile from the City Hall in Bessemer there was an extensive village site on which during the pioneer period could be seen the remains of twelve houses. Near old Jonesboro there is a group of mounds, known locally as the Talley Mounds. Four miles north of Birmingham there is a group of unidentified mounds and near Elyton a large quadrangular mound has been located. Along Village Creek there were mounds and a furnace of aboriginal origin now destroyed. One mile from Bessemer City Hall there is a large domiciliary mound with a group of smaller burial mounds in which have been found burials, pottery, flint weapons and utensils. West of Gilmore, near Bullard's shoals on Valley Creek, is an Indian cemetery containing many burials. On Red Mountain, opposite the old Thomas McAdory place, there was an Indian cemetery containing many burials.

Vulcan statue which stands atop Red Mountain overlooking the

City of Birmingham, was cast in 1903, of pig iron produced in the Birmingham district. After completion this figure, heroic in size, the work of the Italian sculptor Moretti, was sent to St. Louis to be exhibited at the World's Fair. It was returned to Birmingham and lay at the fair grounds until 1936, when a civic movement made plans for its permanent location. This is the largest statue ever made in the United States, being surpassed in size only by the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. It is fifty-three feet high and weighs 120,000 pounds. One thumb is three feet long and weighs 170 pounds. An eternal light burns on the statue and can be seen for many miles around.

Near Clay, eighteen miles from Birmingham, on the Birmingham-Gadsden road "Alabama Caverns" is located. These caverns were used commercially just after their discovery in 1840, under 150 feet of rock. They were used as salt peter mines during the War Between the States. There is an underground stream thirty-five feet below the floor of the cave.

At the beginning of the present iron and steel industry of Jefferson County there was built in 1823, by David Hillman, who formed a company known as the Tuscaloosa Iron Works, the Rouse Valley Iron Works, old Tannehill. The capacity of this old furnace was 300 pounds of iron a day. Soon after beginning operation, this furnace was closed by the death of David Hillman. In 1830 it was rebuilt by Nimon Tannehill. In 1855 it was bought by Moses Stroup, who erected three blast furnaces on the property. They were destroyed by Wilson's Raiders, in April 1865 and the property was afterwards acquired by the present Republic Iron and Steel Corporation.

Lamar County.—Located in the northwestern part of the State Lamar County is bounded by Marion, Fayette, Pickens and on the West by the Mississippi State Line. It was created by the Legislature on February 4, 1866, being originally Jones County, named in honor of a pioneer citizen of Fayette County. Jones County was abolished on November 13, 1867, and the territory returned to the Counties from which it was taken. On October 8, 1868, an Act was passed by the Legislature creating a County to be known as Sanford County, out of territory occupied by Jones County. By an Act of the Legislature on February 6, 1877, Sanford County became Lamar County honoring the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

The area was embraced in the domain claimed by the Chickasaws,

the line between Lamar and Pickens Counties being the line separating the Choctaw and Chickasaw Claims. There were no Chickasaw settlements in the County and in ancient times, prior to the expansion of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, after the Revolutionary period, it was part of that vast natural hunting ground, used by them and occasionally by the Creeks. The present inhabitants of Lamar County are descendants of the early settlers from Georgia and South Carolina.

Among the early settlers, in 1816, while Alabama was still a Territory, was George Bankhead, who built a two story house and acquired large landed interests a few miles from the present town of Sulligent. He is buried with other members of his family on a hill across the road from his home. The nearest Postoffice is Crews Depot. George Bankhead was the progenitor of all the Bankheads in West Alabama, including the late Senator John Hollis Bankhead and his descendants.

Lauderdale County—Situated in the northwestern section of the State, Lauderdale County is bounded by the Tennessee line, Limestone, Colbert and Lauderdale Counties and on the west by the Mississippi State Line. It was created by an Act of the Alabama Territorial Legislature on February 6, 1818, and was formed out of lands lying west of Limestone County and north of the Tennessee River. It was named in honor of Col. James Lauderdale, a Tennessean, who was killed at the Battle of New Orleans on December 23, 1814. Florence was laid out as the County seat in 1818.

The territory embraced in the County was claimed by both the Cherokees and the Chickasaws. During the War Between the States, Lauderdale County was the scene of several small skirmishes between the forces of the Federals and the Confederate States and was captured by both forces several times, being captured the last time by Union forces in March, 1865 held by them until the end of hostilities in April of that year. Among the famous men who lived in Lauderdale County were Gen. John Coffee, Governor Hugh McVay, John McKinley, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Governor Robert Miller Patton, Governor Edward A. O'Neal and Governor Emmett O'Neal.

On Kager's Island in the Tennessee River on the J. T. Reeder property, there are three large unidentified Indian town sites now practically destroyed by cultivation. At Lock 3 in Muscle Shoals Canal where Blue-water Creek enters the Tennessee, about three miles southeast of Center

Star, there were remains of a large town site. Penneywinkle Hill at the upper entrance of Muscle Shoals Canal, opposite the mouth of Town Creek there is a large shell heap, 190 feet wide and 220 feet long. It is known locally as Penneywinkle Hill but in reality is Perriwinkle Hill, named because of the shape of the shells found on this heap. At the foot of Muscle Shoals there is a large domiciliary mound forty-two feet high, considered one of the largest in the State and nation, "Waumanona Mound". Originally it had a causeway on its eastern side leading to the summit. Because of its steep sides it is difficult to climb. There is an unidentified large mound in which burials have been found, at the southeastern corner of the field, at the junction, and also some interesting earthenware. The mound is now largely obliterated by cultivation.

One-fourth mile back from the landing on the Johnson place, on the Tennessee River, on the property of John Beckwith, there are two mounds, one ten feet high and the other seven feet high. Opposite Kager's Hill referred to above, on the Tennessee River, a short distance from Perkins Spring on the property of J. T. Reeder, there are three mounds in which have been found some very fine copper objects and some agricultural implements of shale. One-half mile from Nance's Reef, on the property of W. P. Harrison there is a large unidentified domiciliary mound and a smaller burial mound composed of shells. All mound and town sites along the Tennessee River were explored by the T.V.A. and are now submerged by that development.

On th corner of Court and Limestone Streets at Florence there was located an early tavern built during 1819-1820. It was a two story brick building and during the War Between the States when Florence was occupied by Union troops, this tavern was burned and destroyed. Near Florence, "The Forks" built in 1819 by James Jackson, is an antebellum home of great importance.

Another historic home was built in 1820 by Col. Donaldson, at a point west of Florence where five roads meet. It was owned by Alexander Donaldson Coffee, a descendant of Gen. John Coffee but is now owned by the Hood heirs. During the War Between the States this home was used as headquarters at different times by Generals of both the Confederate and Union Armies.

The George Washington Foster home at Florence, a stately Colonial mansion with its beautiful landscaped grounds was purchased in 1900, by

Governor Emmett O'Neal and upon his death in 1922, was sold to T. M. Rogers.

Lawrence County—Located in the northwestern section of the State, Lawrence County is bounded on the north by the Tennessee River which separates it from Lauderdale and Limestone Counties and on the east by Morgan, the south by Winston and the west by Franklin and Colbert Counties. It was created by the Alabama Territorial Legislature, February 4, 1818, by lands acquired by the Chickasaw and Cherokee Cessions of 1816, and named in honor of Captain James Lawrence, Naval hero of the War of 1812. Moulton was selected as the County seat in 1820, the County business prior to that date having been transacted at Marathon. Lawrence County was the home of Gen. Phillip Rhoddy, Confederate Cavalry commander; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Governor David P. Lewis, Davis Hubbard, the noted early settler and promoter of the first railroad in the State and J. M. Peters, State Supreme Court Judge.

One-half mile above Sycamore landing, on the property of J. H. Gilchrist, there is a large domiciliary mound showing a few superficial burials. On Brown's Island, some times called Knight's Glen, located in the Tennessee River on the property of John W. Knight, there is a large flat top domiciliary mound. One mile above Melton's Place, on Gilchrist Island, in the Tennessee River, there was a large shell mound and village site and on Tick Island there was a sand mound. In the upper end of the island were found evidences of a village site.

Lee County—This County lies along the eastern line of the State, about midway between the Southern and Northern borders and is bounded by Chambers, the Chattahoochee River, which is also the State boundary, by Russell, Macon and Tallapoosa Counties. It was created by the State Legislature on December 15, 1866 and named in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, Commander-in-chief of the Confederate Armies. Opelika, the County seat, situated in the central part of the County, was selected as the County seat when the County was formed. Among the famous personages who were either born in Lee County or afterwards made their homes there were William J. Samford, Governor of Alabama, General George P. Harrison, Confederate soldier; Henry O. Armstrong, high Masonic official and James Dowdell, U. S. Senator.

Among the Upper Creek towns in the County were Chawocelau-

hatchee, on the South bank of Nufala Creek at the confluence with Sawacklahatchee Creek. On the Chattahoochee River at the mouth of Waucoche Creek, was a Lower Creek village, Tchuho 'Lako, located at the mouth of Waucoche Creek. This town was built by the Okfuski tribe and on the site there is a mound and extensive remains of the Indian village. The name signifies "great cabin". Watoola, on the upper waters of Watoola Creek on the site of the present Watoola Church two miles north of Marvin and twenty miles west of Phenix City are to be found numerous evidences of its existence. The name "Wa-too-la-ko-ka-hatchee" signifies "Whooping Crane Creek".

Wetumpka Council House is situated in Lee County on Little Uchee Creek, about nine miles west of Phenix City in Russell County, due east of Moffitt's Mill and near Meadows' Cross Road and to the left of the road from the old mill to Antioch Church, on the property once owned by W. R. Blanchard, of Columbus, Ga. This place is referred to on early maps as "the place where the Indians held their Green Corn Dance" and here was held the last assembly of the Creeks before their removal to the West in 1836. On the estate of Mr. Pawledge and on the old Indian trail from Kawita to Ninyaza there is evidence of an extensive aboriginal town.

On the Chattahoochee River at the north of Waucochee Creek is located Tchuk 'Lako Mound marking the site of the aboriginal town of that name. On the Central of Georgia Railroad just east of Youngsboro, was located a considerable aboriginal workshop.

A Confederate fortification erected early in 1865, in anticipation of a raid by Wilson's Raiders of the Union Army, was built and called "Fort Henderson". A Confederate breastworks built during the early part of 1865, was called Fort Opelika. The old fortification extended on property owned and occupied by residence of John Smith, Dr. Bennett and the old Compress. This fort was occupied by Federal forces in the Spring soon after it was erected. A Lee County home built prior to 1860, by Addison Frasier, a handsome two story home of colonial architecture was used as the Confederate infirmary.

The Alabama Polytechnic Institute is located at Auburn, Lee County.

Limestone County—Located in the extreme north-central part of the State, this County is bounded by Madison, Morgan, Lawrence,

Lauderdale and the Tennessee State line. It was created by the Territorial Legislature on February 6, 1818, the name being derived from the large creek which flows through the County and whose bed is of hard limestone. Athens was selected as the County seat on December 3, 1819, and remains the County seat until the present time.

The County was first settled by white settlers, about 1807, at a place called Simms' settlement. In 1809, the Governor of the Mississippi Territory, of which Alabama was then a part, issued a proclamation forbidding any settlers in the sections belonging to the Indians claimed by both Cherokee and Chickasaws who had, however, made no settlements by either Nation. The white settlers continued to trespass on the Indian lands and the situation became so bad that the United States sent troops to drive the white settlers off of the Indian lands.

On the property of the Henry Warton estate near Brown's Ferry, there is an extensive Indian town site. One and one-half miles from the union of Limstone Creek and the Tennessee River, about two miles south of Mooresville on the property of J. E. Penney, there is an Indian burial mound. Near the landing of Mason Island, the Tennessee River, on the property of Arthur Steele, there is a domiciliary mound twelve feet high and a smaller mound near by. On the upper end of that island there is an extensive town site which contains many burials and copper coated objects of wood used as ear pendants, and also some earthenware. All mounds and town sites along the Tennessee River in this section have been explored and are now submerged by the T.V.A. development.

Less than a mile west of Athens, at the site of Trinity College for Negroes, there was built a fort in 1862, by Col. Campbell of the Federal Army. He and his force of 1,400 men surrendered to Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest of the Confederate Army on September 23, 1863, when the fort was besieged. There was a redoubt built by Federal forces in 1862, about a mile south of Athens on the Decatur road. After a skirmish with Gen. Forrest's troops in 1864, the place was captured from the Federal forces. The trestle of the L. & N. Railroad marks the site of the old redoubt. Fort Hampton, on Elk River at the site of Harmony Church seventeen miles from Athens, was established in 1809 by Col. R. J. Meigs, of the U. S. Army, who with a small force, was sent to the scene to keep squatters off Indian lands. The fort was

abandoned in 1817, after the Indians ceded their lands to the Government. The earthenworks are still visible.

Within the corporate limits of Athens there was an early trading post and tavern established in 1808 by Samuel Roberts, who was ejected by U. S. troops under Col. Meigs, in 1810. The latter was replaced by William Wilder, who ran the tavern until 1817, when he was killed by Samuel Roberts who demanded the return of the post.

Among the early homes in Limestone County was the "Cedars," built in 1846 by Col. Malone, one of the oldest and most beautiful landmarks in the County, a large house of dignified simplicity. It was later owned by W. C. Houston. Another handsome home was that of Belle Mina, built and occupied by Thomas Bibb, second Governor of Alabama.

Lowndes County—Situated in the south-central part of the State, Lowndes County is bounded by Autauga, the Alabama River, Montgomery, Crenshaw, Butler, Wilcox and Dallas Counties. It was created by the State Legislature, January 20, 1830, from territory taken from Montgomery, Dallas and Butler Counties and was named in honor of William Lowndes, a distinguished South Carolina Statesman. Hayneville, the County seat was chosen as such in 1830 and still remains as the County seat.

The County was inhabited by the Alibamo Indians, whose chief town was Ikanatchaka, or Holy Ground. This town was the scene of a battle between the Creeks under William Weatherford, and American forces under command of Gen. F. L. Claiborne, December 23, 1813 during the Creek Indian War. The territory was ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Fort Jackson, August 9, 1814. Aboriginal remains are found in those sections bordering on the Pintlala and Old Town Creeks and on the Alabama River. Urn burials preserved in the Indian Museum in the Department of Archives and History, were found at the mouth of Pintlala Creek. The territory of the County was first visited by white men in 1540 when DeSoto passed through on his way from Toasi to Talisa on the right bank and at the mouth of Old Town Creek.

The first white settlers in the County came from Georgia and Tennessee and the present inhabitants are nearly all descendants of

the original settlers. About 88 percent of the county's population are Negroes.

Ikanchaka, "Holy Ground," was located on the Alabama River, two and one-half miles north of White Hall just below the mouth of Holy Ground Creek. It was a Creek town of controlling interest during the Creek Indian Wars of 1813-14. It was the residence of the principal chief prophet who with their mystic spells at the opening of the war has asserted that the town was made holy or that it had been consecrated against the intrusion of the white men. There was a battle fought here on December 23, 1813, between the forces under command of Gen. F. L. Claiborne and the Creeks. The Indians were defeated and the General destroyed the town.

On what was known as the Lee place there are the remains of an aboriginal town and workshop site, while on the Hartley plantation are the remains of an aboriginal town and workshop site. The remains of an aboriginal town with an overflowing spring near by was located one-half mile west of Collirene. Small objects of pottery are found on the site. The remains of another aboriginal town with a considerable mound was located on the Fisher Merritt place. On the road midway between Benton and White Hall there was a mound now destroyed. On the Big Swamp Creek there was an aboriginal mound and another at Benton across the creek from the aboriginal town of Talisa.

In the northeastern corner of the County, on the south bank of the Alabama River at its junction with Pintlala Creek there is an extensive burial ground in which human bones encased in pots and ashes have been found.

At the present site of Fort Deposit, a fort was built in December 1813, by Gen. F. L. Claiborne, who was marching from Fort Cain further south on the Alabama River to destroy the Indian town of Holy Ground. At this point he stopped to establish a deposit of supplies where he left his cannon, baggage, wagons and his wounded, with 100 men as guards. After the defeat of the Indians at Holy Ground, on December 23, 1813, this fortified place was used by early settlers for protection. The early Federal road ran by the fort.

The early planters in Lowndes County were of the cultivated and wealthy class who built handsome homes on their plantations.

Macon County—Situated in the east-central portion of the State, Macon County is bounded by Elmore, Talladega, Lee, Russell, Bullock, Montgomery and Elmore Counties. It was created by the Legislature on December 18, 1832, by lands acquired by the last Creek Cession and was named in honor of Nathaniel Macon, a distinguished soldier and Statesman of North Carolina during the Revolutionary period.

Tuskegee, the County seat was laid out in 1833, and named in honor of the Indian town, Taskigi, which was in the triangle of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers in Elmore County.

About twenty miles east of the mouth of Coosa River below and adjoining Calebee Creek, on the south side of the Tallapoosa River, Atassi (Autossee) was located. This was an Upper Creek town, the name signifying "War Club". The French Census of 1760, showed it to have eighty warriors and the next year it was assigned by the English to Traders Perryman and McQueen. This town was built by the Red Stick tribe, the warriors from there taking part in the Fort Mims Massacre. Following the battle fought there on November 28, 1813, General John Floyd totally destroyed the town and it was never rebuilt.

Conaliga, a Lower Creek village, was situated in the eastern part of Macon County, to the west of Society Hill. The people of this town were friendly to the white settlers and in 1813, they joined with the Tuckabatchee, the Chunnenuggees and the Ninipaskalgees against the Upper Creek Indians. Cubahatchee, probably on the east bank of the Tallapoosa River, just above the influx of Line Creek and west of the present town of Shorters, was an Upper Creek village. Another Upper Creek town was Laplako, east of the mouth of Uplapee Creek and between that point and the present village of Loachapoka in Lee County. Nafolee (Yufali) was located on the east bank of the Tallapoosa River near its confluence with Eufaulbee Creek. This was an Upper Creek Indian town of great antiquity. Early in the eighteenth century it was peopled by the Amissi or Massi tribe of unknown ethnic origin. Osceola, the great Seminole Indian Chief was born near this town.

Ninipaskuigi was a small Upper Creek village half way between Talisa and the present Uchee, an off-shoot of the town of Little Talisa. The common name of this people was "road runners," but it is not known whether the village name signifies that or not. The people of the village were friendly to the white settlers during the Indian disturbances. Another Upper Creek town of great antiquity was Talisi which appeared on DeCranay's map of 1733, as being on the west side of the river but was moved to the east bank some time prior to 1755. Its proximity to Tuckabatchi gave it great importance. This was one of the towns visited by Tecumseh on his trip to Alabama in 1811. It was largely abandoned, about 1799, in favor of scattered settlements for twenty miles along Yufali Creek. The settlement showed thrift and several of the inhabitants owned Negro slaves, cattle and horses.

Thlobiocco about four miles east of the present Montgomery and Tuskegee highway was located on Thloblocco Creek a tributary of Cubahatchee Creek. Little history of this town is known except that it was an Upper Creek town and some aboriginal evidences practically obliterated, were at one time to be seen. Here lived Jim Boy, a leader among the Upper Creeks during the Creek War of 1813-14. Yufalo, situated on Yaphapee Creek about fifteen miles from its confluence with the Tallapoosa River, was an Upper Creek town, the fifth by that name, and was known as Upper Yufalo in 1791. By the French census of 1760 it had 100 warriors.

There is a large flat topped mound, Autossee, about twenty miles above the mouth of the Coosa River, on the south bank of the Tallapoosa River, below and adjoining Calabee Creek. One and one-half miles east of Hornady, north of the Western of Alabama Railroad, and one quarter mile south of Eufabee Creek, there was a large, flat top domiciliary mound and a smaller one under cultivation on the opposite side of the stream. On the Cloud place, three miles from Shorters, one-half mile from Calebee Creek, there is a conical mound, six feet high and 125 feet in circumference at the base.

On the Tallapoosa River, near the present site of Milstead, and about five miles from the old Indian town of Autossee, there was an American fort erected by Carolina troops under command of Col. Homer Y. Milton in March 1814, and named Fort Decatur. After serving twelve years as Governor of Tennessee, John Sevier came to Fort Decatur as U. S. Boundary Commissioner in 1815. He was taken sick here and

died shortly thereafter and was buried there, his remains being removed to Tennessee seventy-three years later.

Five miles northeast of Tuskegee, Fort Hull was built in 1813, by Gen. John Floyd, during the Creek Indian War and was located on the old Federal road.

The Indian town of Autossee was about twenty miles east of the mouth of the Coosa River, on the south side of the Tallapoosa River, below the adjoining Calabee Creek. On November, 1813, the Creeks gathered warriors from eight towns at this place for the defense of their beloved town of Autossee. Gen. John Floyd of the U. S. Army, organized an expedition which was reinforced by 300 friendly Indians for a campaign into the Creek country. He camped ten miles east of Autossee on the night of November 28th and early the next morning surrounded and attacked the Indian town. After a stiff battle in which Gen. Floyd used his artillery to good advantage, a bayonet charge drove the Indians away in confusion. The town had about 300 houses which Gen. Floyd burned and destroyed before returning to Fort Mitchell.

One-half mile from Union Church, a few miles east of Shorters, on Calabee Creek, between the headwaters of Little Calabee and its junction with Calabee Creek on the north side of that creek was fought the Battle of Camp Defiance. On January 1814, Gen. John Floyd of the U. S. Army stationed at Fort Mitchell on Chattahoochee River, organized an expedition of 1,300 men and 400 friendly Indians for a campaign against Tuckabatchi, an Indian stronghold. On leaving Fort Mitchell he travelled westward along the Federal road, where he erected Fort Bainbridge and Fort Hull as places of deposit and supplies for his expedition which was a part of the Creek Indian War of 1813-14. After leaving Fort Hull, on the night of January 26, 1814, he camped along the Calabee Creek at a place he called Camp Defiance. Early next morning Gen. Floyd's army was attacked by a large force of Indians. At first the attack threw the troops into some confusion, but they were soon rallied by the officers and after a fierce battle and several bayonet charges continued by the use of artillery the Indians were routed. Gen. Floyd's loss was seventeen killed and 182 wounded. The friendly Indians had five killed and fifteen wounded. It was estimated that the contending Indian losses were from twenty to 200 killed and twice that many wounded. Gen. Floyd then fell back to Fort Hull and thence to Fort Mitchell.

As Pole Cat Springs in Macon County, two miles east of Shorters on the old Federal Road there was an early tavern located near the Pole Cat Springs Indian Agency. This tavern was near Fort Hull and one-half day's journey from Walker's race track. It was operated by Captain William Walker, who saw service during the Creek Indian War, 1813-14, and later married the daughter of Big Warrior, an Indian Chief.

Madison County—Situated in the north-central part of the State it is bounded by the Tennessee State line and by Jackson, Marshall, Morgan and Limestone Counties. It was created on December 13, 1808, by proclamation of Governor Robert Williams of the Mississippi Territory, of which Alabama was then a part. It was named in honor of James Madison who at that time was Secretary of State and later became the fourth President of the United States. Huntsville, named in honor of John Hunt, the first pioneer to locate there, was chosen as the County seat and has continuously remained so until the present time. Many distinguished men of Alabama resided in Huntsville at one time or another.

Madison County is rich in aboriginal history being Cherokee territory prior to their withdrawal to the east of the Cumberland Mountains about 1650 reserving the valley as a hunting ground. Some years after their withdrawal bands of Shawnees took possession of the Tennessee River country which caused the Cherokees to war upon them and for some forty years of strife with the aid of the Chickasaws the Shawnees were driven from the country about 1721. Almost a half century later when the Chickasaws moved into the territory the Cherokees warred upon their former allies and was the cause of a battle at Old Chickasaw Field at Black's Ferry landing in the great bend of the Tennessee River. The Chickasaws were victorious but that losses were so great they withdrew from the country.

The first white settlers came into the County about 1804 and a few years later came in great numbers. During the War Between the States, Huntsville was first occupied by Union troops on April 11, 1862, and held until September of that year when it was recaptured by Confederate troops but taken again in July 1863, by the Federal Army which held it almost continuously until the end of the war.

An Indian town, Chickasaw Old Fields, was located at Ditto's Landing, later called Hobbs' Ferry and Black's Ferry on the Tennessee

River the location of the present Whitesburg. In 1769 a battle was fought here between the Chickasaws and the Cherokees in which the latter were victorious but their losses were so great that they withdrew from the country. This was also an early settled place by the whites in Madison County. A German called Old Man Ditto settled among the Indians about 1804. Jeff's Village in the western part of the County at Indian Springs, was located on the headwaters of Indian Creek about twelve miles southwest of Huntsville. This was a Cherokee settlement and the early settlers built a brick house that stood until 1866. The name was given to the Indian village because the head man bore that name. At the mouth of Flint River, opposite Bluff City there are the remains of a large town site whose name has not been identified.

Near New Market, on the Jones plantation, there are several unidentified mounds. Ten miles south of Huntsville on Hobbs Island, two large unidentified mounds were reported. Near Hazel Green, on the old Jeffries place there was a group of mounds, their builders unidentified, and on the north bank of the Tennessee River near Whitesburg, was located Chickasaw Old Field Mound. All these mounds were explored and Indian items removed from them prior to their being submerged by the T.V.A. development.

During the War Between the States a Federal battery in the Union fortification at Huntsville was built near the city. Two historic hotels were built in Huntsville in the early period of Madison County history. Twickenham Hotel, getting its name through the writing of the English author, Alexander Pope, was erected on the southwest corner of the square in Huntsville. The hotel was operated about 1810 by John Read and later taken over first by A. Jameson and later by Allen Cooper. Green Bottom Inn on the site of the present Normal, about three miles north of Huntsville, was an early inn with a race track in connection. The inn originally had two large rooms, one serving as a bar room and the other as an office. Here, early sportsmen, among them Gen. Andrew Jackson and Gen. John Coffee, gathered to see the races and to run their own horses. "Gray Gander," once the fastest horse known, ran at this track. The old inn was destroyed by fire on February 4, 1931. Planters Hotel in Huntsville was operated by N. C. Posey in 1820.

A number of handsome homes were built in Huntsville and vicin-

ity by its aristocratic and wealthy founders, among them Leroy Pope, Thomas Bibb, Madison Otey and others.

Among the camp sites in the vicinity of Huntsville were Camp Wheeler, named in honor of Gen. Joseph Wheeler and later called Camp Taylor by the Federals who captured and occupied it. Camp Forse was another Federal post during that war. Thomas Barracks was used as the headquarters for Union and Confederate soldiers during the War Between the States. A Union hospital for the wounded during that period was named in honor of Gen. Gordon Granger of the U. S. Army.

The First National Bank, a very handsome structure built in 1836, at a cost of \$76,000 was used at one time as a State Bank and remains in its dignified simplicity as one of the handsomest buildings in Madison County. Another historic building is the Madison County Court House, erected in 1839, and still in an excellent state of preservation. The clock in the tower has been in continuous service since 1849. On the grounds of the Court House there is a large boulder with a bronze plate marking the spot where Alabama entered the Union, December 14, 1819.

Marengo County—Situated in the west-central part of the State, Marengo County is bounded by Hale, Green, Perry, Dallas, Wilcox, Clarke, Sumter and Choctaw Counties. It was created by an Act of the Alabama Territorial Legislature, February 7, 1818 and was formed from territory acquired from the Choctaw Treaty of 1816. The name of the County was suggested by Judge Abner Lipscombe, and was given as a compliment to the exiled French Bonapartists who settled there as the "Vine and Olive Colony".

Linden was the original County seat until 1865 when it was moved to Demopolis but afterwards regained by Linden where it still remains.

Two miles south of the present town of Sweet Water there is an unidentified Indian town on the site of which aboriginal remains such as arrow heads, bits of pottery and other relics have been found. Near Breckinridge Landing on the Tombigbee River there are several mounds and others near the mouth of Beaver Creek. Just below the mouth of Horse Creek, on the Watter's plantation there is a mound and one-half

mile south of Bickley's Landing on the Tombigbee River there are several mounds. Eight miles south of Demopolis at Spragins' Mill there is a considerable mound and along the Sweet Water and Elmore road there are several large mounds. Two miles south of Sweet Water on the property of W. D. Rogers there is a considerable domiciliary mound in connection with a town site and near Rembert's Landing, on the Tombigbee there are several mounds. Near Prairieville there is an aboriginal cemetery that contains many burials.

There are a number of handsome and historic homes in Marengo County.

Marion County—Situated in the northeastern part of the State, Marion is bounded by Franklin, Winston, Walker, Fayette and Lamar Counties and the Mississippi State Line. It was created by an Act of the Alabama Territorial Legislature, February 13, 1818, and was named in honor of Gen. Francis Marion, of South Carolina, of the Revolutionary Army. Pikeville was the County seat until 1882, when Hamilton was selected.

The County is situated in what was once the domain of the Chickasaw Indians though no settlement of this tribe is known to have existed within its borders in the historic period. There are a few evidences of aboriginal contact along the Buttahatchee River. Near Hackleburg there was an aboriginal camping ground along the several springs in the neighborhood known as Big Springs Camping Ground. Remains of mortars in the rocks and carvings on the beach trees are still to be seen. Three miles south of Hamilton, on the military road a few yards from where it crosses the Buttahatchee River and on the south bank of that stream there is located a small unidentified mound thirty or forty feet in diameter and not more than ten or fifteen feet high. Being close to the banks of the rivers it is likely that much of the mound has gradually been washed away.

Marshall County—Located in the northeastern section of the State, Marshall County is bounded by Madison, Jackson, DeKalb, Etowah, Blount, Cullman and Morgan Counties. It was created by the Legislature, January 9, 1836. Clayville was the first County seat and remained so until 1838, when Marshall became the County seat, which in turn surrendered the honor to Warrenton in 1841. Seven years later it was changed to Guntersville where it still remains. The area was

inhabited by Cherokees who settled along the Creek Path and the Tennessee River as early as 1784. Most of the remains of these towns and villages can be identified. During the War Between the States, Marshall County was the scene of several raids by Federal troops. It was unsuccessfully shelled by those troops on July 30, 1862, in an attempt to capture the town. It was again attacked on March 2, 1864, and again on August 24, 1864. It finally yielded to the invaders, January 1865, and was burned and destroyed with the exception of six or seven buildings.

Near the present village of Red Hill, on the west bank of Brown Creek, there was a Cherokee town used about 1790 by the head man of the tribe, Richard Brown for whom the town was named. The Cherokees fought with Gen. Andrew Jackson at Talladega and Horseshoe Bend, and received Jackson's praise for their military aid. Brown's village was situated on two important Indian trails, one leading from Ditto's Landing, now Whitesburg, across the Brindley Mountains, and the other on the Creek Path. About fifteen miles below this village there was a branch trail that led to the Creek settlements in middle Alabama. Corn Silk Village, one and one-half miles southeast of Warrenton on the Corn Silk farm of the Street plantation, on the banks of Corn Silk Pond, was a small Cherokee village, the head man of which was Corn Silk, for which the village was named.

At the upper end of Pine Island, on the Tennessee River, there was an Indian town, Coste, reached by DeSoto on July 2, 1540. Near the head of the island were the remains and evidences of a town. Creek Path Town, the Indian name for which was Kusa-nunnahi, was located on the east bank of Brown Creek on the old Russell place about four miles southeast of Guntersville. This was a Cherokee town about 1785 and got its name from the fact that it was situated on the Creek Path which extended from Talladega Creek to the Tombigbee River. This was a very important Cherokee town having about four or five hundred inhabitants, one-third of the entire Cherokee population in Alabama at that time. One of the earliest mission schools was established there and called the Creek Path Mission School. Another Indian village in Marshall County was Gunter's Village, an important Cherokee town deriving its name from its head man, John Gunter, a Scotchman who married an Indian woman and was admitted into the tribe. This settlement was known as having many intelligent Cherokees. It was situated on the old Indian trail, known as the Creek Path, that extended

mile south of Bickley's Landing on the Tombigbee River there are several mounds. Eight miles south of Demopolis at Spragins' Mill there is a considerable mound and along the Sweet Water and Elmore road there are several large mounds. Two miles south of Sweet Water on the property of W. D. Rogers there is a considerable domiciliary mound in connection with a town site and near Rembert's Landing, on the Tombigbee there are several mounds. Near Prairieville there is an aboriginal cemetery that contains many burials.

There are a number of handsome and historic homes in Marengo County.

Marion County—Situated in the northeastern part of the State, Marion is bounded by Franklin, Winston, Walker, Fayette and Lamar Counties and the Mississippi State Line. It was created by an Act of the Alabama Territorial Legislature, February 13, 1818, and was named in honor of Gen. Francis Marion, of South Carolina, of the Revolutionary Army. Pikeville was the County seat until 1882, when Hamilton was selected.

The County is situated in what was once the domain of the Chickasaw Indians though no settlement of this tribe is known to have existed within its borders in the historic period. There are a few evidences of aboriginal contact along the Buttahatchee River. Near Hackleburg there was an aboriginal camping ground along the several springs in the neighborhood known as Big Springs Camping Ground. Remains of mortars in the rocks and carvings on the beach trees are still to be seen. Three miles south of Hamilton, on the military road a few yards from where it crosses the Buttahatchee River and on the south bank of that stream there is located a small unidentified mound thirty or forty feet in diameter and not more than ten or fifteen feet high. Being close to the banks of the rivers it is likely that much of the mound has gradually been washed away.

Marshall County—Located in the northeastern section of the State, Marshall County is bounded by Madison, Jackson, DeKalb, Etowah, Blount, Cullman and Morgan Counties. It was created by the Legislature, January 9, 1836. Clayville was the first County seat and remained so until 1838, when Marshall became the County seat, which in turn surrendered the honor to Warrenton in 1841. Seven years later it was changed to Guntersville where it still remains. The area was

inhabited by Cherokees who settled along the Creek Path and the Tennessee River as early as 1784. Most of the remains of these towns and villages can be identified. During the War Between the States, Marshall County was the scene of several raids by Federal troops. It was unsuccessfully shelled by those troops on July 30, 1862, in an attempt to capture the town. It was again attacked on March 2, 1864, and again on August 24, 1864. It finally yielded to the invaders, January 1865, and was burned and destroyed with the exception of six or seven buildings.

Near the present village of Red Hill, on the west bank of Brown Creek, there was a Cherokee town used about 1790 by the head man of the tribe, Richard Brown for whom the town was named. The Cherokees fought with Gen. Andrew Jackson at Talladega and Horseshoe Bend, and received Jackson's praise for their military aid. Brown's village was situated on two important Indian trails, one leading from Ditto's Landing, now Whitesburg, across the Brindley Mountains, and the other on the Creek Path. About fifteen miles below this village there was a branch trail that led to the Creek settlements in middle Alabama. Corn Silk Village, one and one-half miles southeast of Warrenton on the Corn Silk farm of the Street plantation, on the banks of Corn Silk Pond, was a small Cherokee village, the head man of which was Corn Silk, for which the village was named.

At the upper end of Pine Island, on the Tennessee River, there was an Indian town, Coste, reached by DeSoto on July 2, 1540. Near the head of the island were the remains and evidences of a town. Creek Path Town, the Indian name for which was Kusa-nunnahi, was located on the east bank of Brown Creek on the old Russell place about four miles southeast of Guntersville. This was a Cherokee town about 1785 and got its name from the fact that it was situated on the Creek Path which extended from Talladega Creek to the Tombigbee River. This was a very important Cherokee town having about four or five hundred inhabitants, one-third of the entire Cherokee population in Alabama at that time. One of the earliest mission schools was established there and called the Creek Path Mission School. Another Indian village in Marshall County was Gunter's Village, an important Cherokee town deriving its name from its head man, John Gunter, a Scotchman who married an Indian woman and was admitted into the tribe. This settlement was known as having many intelligent Cherokees. It was situated on the old Indian trail, known as the Creek Path, that extended

from this town across Sand Mountain to Wills and Turkey Town, and thence to Coosa Old Town at the mouth of Talladega Creek. This trail was in most part the route used by Gen. Andrew Jackson during his campaign against the Creeks, 1813-14. Cherokees from Gunter's Village gave Gen. Jackson important military aid during the campaign.

At the site of the present old village ford, Melton Village was situated. This was an Upper Creek town, and was founded about 1813, by the Creeks with the permission of the Cherokees. The head man was Charles Melton, from whom the village derived its name. Tali was an ancient town visited by DeSoto's expedition, July 10, 1540. It was located on McKee's Island in the Tennessee River near the present Guntersville. The Chief of the town endeavored to send the women and children downstream on the approach of DeSoto's cavalry. When the Spanish expedition left Tali on July 11, they were furnished two men and four women as carriers of their baggage.

In Brown's Valley, near the present line between Blount and Marshall Counties, there was a Creek and Cherokee village, situated on two trails, both leading to Ditto's Landing on the Tennessee River, one through Brown's Valley and the other in a course opening further to the west. The name of the town was Massas. Near Rock Landing, on the Tennessee River on the property of John Bogenshott, there were the remains of an unidentified village site on which were found some burials and near Paint Rock Landing, on the Tennessee River on the property of John H. West, there was another unidentified village site. On Pine Island, in the Tennessee River, six and one-half miles upstream from Gunter on the property of C. J. Gunter was located another domiciliary mound and a cemetery both being reduced by the overflow of water prior to the flooding of the Tennessee River by the T.V.A. The ceremonial objects found on this whole site were different from any found elsewhere in the State of Alabama.

A group of six large unidentified mounds were found three and one-half miles above Gunter on the property of Benjamin Roden and near Guntersville Landing on the property of Green Seibold within sight of Gunter's Landing there was a large domiciliary mound. Two miles south of Guntersville on the farm of Thomas M. Patterson there was located a group of three mounds the largest about forty feet in diameter and six or eight feet high, with two smaller ones about fifty yards north. Lumps of galena, beads and bones have been found there. On

Henry Island in the Tennessee River, one mile north of Guntersville and one-fourth mile east of Alabama Highway 1, there is a large domiciliary mound and a smaller burial mound. On Pine Island, six and one-half miles upstream from Guntersville on the property of J. C. Gunter, there was a large domiciliary mound from which many interesting relics were taken. On Pine Island, in the Tennessee River, six and one-half miles upstream from Guntersville, there was an aboriginal cemetery in which ceremonial objects were found that were different from any found elsewhere in the State. One mile north of Guntersville and just east of Alabama Highway 1, on the mainland opposite McKee's Island, there was an aboriginal cemetery which contained numerous relics and burials. All mounds and town sites along the Tennessee River were explored by archaeologists and are now submerged by the T.V.A. development.

There was a Cherokee fort on Beaird's Bluff overlooking the Tennessee River near Guntersville which was the scene of a battle between the Cherokees and Creeks in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The site was known as "Cherokee Bluff". On the south bank of the Tennessee River, at the mouth of and on the east bank of Thompson's Creek, about eight miles northwest of Guntersville, was erected Fort Deposit. This fort was erected by Gen. Andrew Jackson in October 1813, and was strongly fortified as he used it as the depository of his military supplies and equipment. At the time there was a good ferry at the point which greatly expedited the transportation of troops and supplies across the Tennessee River during the Creek Indian War.

There is a series of caves near by which Gen. Jackson utilized for the storing of his ammunition. One mile west of Guntersville is located Hampton's Cave which shows much evidence of having been used as a burial place by the aborigines. On the south bank of the Tennessee River just above the mouth of Flint Rock Creek on the farm of John H. West there is a cave with much evidence of aboriginal occupancy.

Mobile County—Situated in the extreme southwestern part of the State and is bounded by Washington County and Mobile River, Mobile Bay, the Mississippi Sound and the Mississippi State Line. The County was created by a proclamation of Governor David Holmes of the Mississippi Territory, December 18, 1813, soon after Gen. James Wilkinson took possession of the town of Mobile for the United States, in April of that year. The County was named for the Maubilla Indians, called

Mobile by the French, who named a post established in 1702, Fort Louis de la Mobile, for the Indian tribe found within the present area of Mobile and also honoring their king. Other Indian tribes that resided in the area of the present County were the Tensas, the Chattos and the Appalachees.

In Mobile County on the west bank of Mobile River just south of the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers, an Indian town shown on DeCraney's map of 1733, as south of the village of Nanihaha, probably built by Appalachees. On the north bank of Dog River in the angle formed by Dog River and Mobile Bay, a town was shown on the same map and spelled Chacteaux and was probably built by a tribe of the Chattos Indians who were settled in that region by Iberville. Taouacha on the east bank of the Mobile River three and one-half miles east of the present Chickasaw was shown on DeCraney's map and also on the north bank of Fowl River, in an angle formed by Fowl River and Mobile Bay, the town of Yamachee is shown by DeCraney.

At Nanahubla Bluff, east of Calvert, on the Tombigbee River, is a circular mound, about forty feet in diameter and about twelve feet high and also an aboriginal cemetery in which many relics have been found. On the north side of Bayou Coq de Inde, near its mouth a few miles from Bayou la Batre is a large shell heap in which skeletons, pottery and remains have been found. There is a large mound near Shell Beach on Fowl River, not identified by historians. There is also a mound at Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff, north of Mobile on the Mobile River, about three-fourths mile west of the river landing and a larger mound near Coden Bayou. Three miles from the Alabama River, near Mt. Vernon there is an extensive burial mound, which contains many burials. At the mouth of Bayou Como, there is a large shell heap in which pottery, ornaments and skeletons have been found.

Fort Alexandria and Canal Battery, were Confederate fortifications near the City of Mobile. Fort Charlotte was located between Church and Eslava Streets extending from the river front to Royal Street.

Battery Farragut, near Mobile, was probably established by Admiral David G. Farragut's fleet after the Battle of Mobile, August 5, 1864. Fort Florida was the town name given to the site of Fort Stoddert.

Fort Sidney Johnston, at Mobile, was a Confederate fortification.

Battery McIntosh was a part of the defense of the city of Mobile, being one of the land batteries erected by the Confederate Government during the War Between the States.

Fort Louis de la Mobile was located at twenty-seven mile Bluff on the Mobile River.

Fort Louis de la Mobile, 2nd, located between Church and Eslava Streets extending from the river front to Royal Street in Mobile, was built by Bienville in 1711, after the French were driven from their capital at Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff by river floods. The lands at this point had been given by Governor Bienville to some Choctaw Indians whom he persuaded to return to him for the purpose of erecting the fort which was hardly more than a stockade. Crozat, in 1717, authorized the building of a new fort which was completed on the same side and called Fort Conde.

Battery Mound was a Confederate fortification near Mobile. Mount Vernon Arsenal about twenty-eight miles north of Mobile on U. S. Highway 43, and Alabama Highway 5, was authorized by Congress in 1824 and completed in 1828. No large guns were cast at this arsenal but it served as an assembly plant for guns and trunnions manufactured elsewhere. Just before the secession of the Southern States in 1861, this arsenal was taken into possession by Alabama troops under order of Governor Andrew B. Moore. At the end of the war it reverted to its former position as U. S. Arsenal and was continued until 1895, when Congress deeded it along with the barracks, to the State of Alabama for public purposes. It is now a part of the State hospital for Negro insane.

Monroe County—Situated in the southwestern part of the State it is bounded by Wilcox, Butler, Conecuh and the Alabama River, across which Clarke County is situated. It was created by proclamation of Governor David Holmes, of the Mississippi Territory, June 5, 1815. It was named in honor of James Monroe, who at the time of its establishment was Secretary of State in the cabinet of President James Madison. At the time the County was formed the Mississippi Territorial Legislature named Fort Claiborne as the County seat but in 1832 it was succeeded by Monroeville.

Aboriginal evidences are found in a few places along the Alabama

and Little Rivers and occasionally in the interior sections of the County. Monroe County played a prominent part in the early years of 1810-1820. The Federal Road was built to Fort Claiborne in 1811 where it had branches to St. Stephens and Mobile. It was the scene of much activity during the Creek Indian War of 1813-14. During the early years most of the settlers in the southern and southwestern part of the State passed through Monroe County. Claiborne was a lively community of much political importance and had a population of 2,500, when visited by General Marquis de LaFayette in 1825. The ruins of many handsome homes and commercial places can still be seen at Claiborne. Among the famous men in our pioneer period who resided in Monroe were John Morrisette and Samuel Dale, the noted Indian fighter; C. C. Clay and Jere Clements, Judge Charles Tait, first Federal Judge in Alabama; Governors John Murphy and Arthur P. Bagby; and James Dellet, early Congressman and political leader.

On the east bank of the Alabama River near Tinela are evidences of a town of great antiquity, bearing the name of Athahatchee. It was at this town that DeSoto met Chief Tuscaloosa on October 9, 1540, and took the Indian Chief prisoner as he departed from Mauvilla. Piachi located on a bluff overlooking the Alabama River at the old town of Claiborne, was where DeSoto and his expedition stopped on October 13, 1540, and is described by his chroniclers as "a village about the gorge of a mountain stream. The chief of the place was ill intentioned and attempted to resist their passage. As a result they crossed the stream with effort, and two Christians were slain, the principal men who were accompanying the chief. In this village, Piachi, it was learned that they killed Don Teodoro and a black, who came from the ships of Pamphillo de Narvaez."

One mile south of Pott's Landing, on the Alabama River, there is a small mound and on the left bank one-half mile from the mouth of Little River there is a burial ground in which shell ornaments and pottery have been found. Near Nancy Harris Landing, on the Alabama River there is an unidentified aboriginal cemetery, nearly all indications of which are now about washed away. At the south of Limestone Creek on the east bank of Alabama River, about ten miles west of Monroeville, Fort Claiborne was situated. At the opening of the Indian disturbances in 1813, Gen. F. L. Claiborne, then on the Tombigbee River, marched eastward for a campaign against the Creek who were attacking settlers and destroying much property. After crossing the Alabama River, Gen.

Claiborne built this fort while awaiting reinforcements. The fort was built as a depot for supplies and as a base of action for his projected campaign. He was joined by Chief Pushmatahaw with his force of 150 Choctaw Indians, and the 3rd Infantry of the regular army. His subsequent action against the Creek Holy Ground was started from this fort after he received all his supplies and reinforcements. At the end of the Creek War an enterprising community was built around the fort and it became the first County seat of Monroe County upon its formation.

Among the battles between the Indians and the whites in the Creek Indian War was at Burnt Corn.

Another famous fight of the Indian War took place on the Alabama River at the mouth of Random's Creek known as the Canoe Fight.

Among historic homes in Monroe County was a two story house erected about 1841, by James Dellet, early Congressman and political leader, now owned and occupied by the family of W. E. Deer.

Near the old town of Claiborne, overlooking the Alabama River from the top of Perdue Hill, fourteen miles west of Monroeville, there was a town hall in which a banquet was given to Gen. LaFayette during his visit to that place in 1825. The General with his entire party spent the afternoon of April 5th at Claiborne. The building in which he was entertained was moved to the top of Perdue Hill in 1883 and is now maintained by the Community Club of Perdue Hill.

(to be continued)

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE *

By Marie Bankhead Owen

THE SOUL

Ah, who shall span thy moments back,
Immortal Spirit! Who shall say
A child thou art of Time and Night,
Whose future is eternal Day?
How know'st thou Him—the great I am—
Imprisoned in thy sculptured clod,
Unless in cycling alone past,
Like Enoch, thou hast walked with God!

—*Frances Nimmo Greene.*

When a woman has succeeded in one career the world is willing to yield her plaudits. But what must be said of the talents of a woman who has succeeded in four different vocations? Should she not at least prove a subject of curiosity and interest?

As author, as teacher, as librarian and as newspaper woman, Miss Frances Nimmo Greene has been eminently successful. A few days ago she resigned the position of editor of the Woman's Page of The Birmingham News, and while she is taking the first year-long vacation she has allowed herself since entering upon her first career at the age of 16, she is only reinforcing her powers for what she purposes to be her best work in literature.

Born In Tuscaloosa

In the historic old town of Tuscaloosa, the one-time capital of the State, and then as now a center of culture and noble social traditions, Miss Greene was born. Her mother, gifted Virginia Owen, was born under the same roof, the home being that of Dr. John Owen, the first frame house built in the Druid City, and one of four handsome homes built and owned by the Owen brothers and sister. Her later childhood was spent in the house that was later the Jemison public school but which was one of the original family residences.

* Montgomery Advertiser, October 15, 1911.

This house holds the rare possession of genuine ghosts, and one of the most thrilling experiences of Miss Greene's whole life was in connection with this old "haunted house."

As a child the spirit hands of the household ghosts were wont to give manifestations of a tender liking, by tucking in the cover through the cold dark hours of December nights, or by laying their light touch upon her childish head as if in benediction. None of these considerations influenced young Miss Nimmo to cordial relations with those unseen specters, and until now the telling of the harrowing experiences of those nights of the past gives the listener the most fearsome "creeps." Were it not for the same experiences having befallen later occupants of the house these ghostly visitants might be set down to the childish imagination of the future novelist.

Writes For Philadelphia Times

How many girls of 16 are today "the Southern correspondent" for a cosmopolitan paper, such as was *The Times of Philadelphia* at the time Miss Greene held that position? For three years, under the pen name of "Dixie," this young journalist held this honorable post, sending her weekly letters from the school in which she was teaching during the same period.

Not again did Miss Greene essay upon newspaper work until a year ago, when she was invited by *The Birmingham News* to take charge of the Woman's Page of that great evening paper. Only those people, both men and women, who followed from day to day the splendid editorials written by her under the caption of "As A Woman Sees It" fully realized the scope of her observation and the soundness of her position on all those questions that surround the social relations, the manners and morals of our times. In addition to her editorial work, Miss Greene contributed feature stories and news items to her department, and her discriminating taste in the selection of poems was noteworthy.

A Poet and Short-Story Writer

"I have reformed from writing at poetry," wrote Miss Greene once to an editor who had admired some of her poems and wanted something written especially for his paper. "I really know too much about poetry and honor it too much to try to write it. There are very few

real poets. I fear I can never be more than a 'near poet'. For this reason I will never again try to express my thoughts or feelings in that form. As to the short story. I believe I have evolved away from that. Sustained fiction makes a stronger appeal to me, and when I am ready to write again, I hope to write a book that I have had in my thoughts for some time. It will not be a long novel, but I hope a vital expression of a certain phase of life among a class of people not very much written about."

As Teacher

Rev. Thomas Finley Greene, the father of the authoress, was one of the most eloquent men of the North Alabama Conference. His training for the law had been a great assistance to him. From Tuscaloosa Mr. Greene removed his family back to Jefferson County where he had been reared, and where his own people were reckoned among the old families of that empire country, those families classified by their futile political adversaries as "the dynasty."

While living at East Lake, still a Miss in short dresses and with her hair plaited in long cables, Miss Greene applied in person to Dr. Solomon Palmer, president of the Athenaeum, for the position of teacher of literature in that school for young ladies.

"Why, my dear child you aren't old enough. I don't doubt your ability but you aren't old enough."

Miss Greene's witty sister, who has often said to her that if she had not been obligated to be a woman she would have made a fine bulldog, had another illustration in point that day, for the little teacher went back to her home, took the hem out of her dress, pressed it afresh, tucked her hair up in grown folks style, and walked back to the Athenaeum with a 'perfectly new application.

There are dimples in Miss Greene's cheeks, and a mighty mischief in her blue-grey eyes and when she naively said to Dr. Palmer: "Am I old enough now," and he saw what she had done to give the effect of maturity the good heart of the stern 'president' relented and the man in him chuckled approvingly. She taught in that school two years.

From East Lake Miss Greene removed to Montgomery, and for

some years taught in the public schools of this city. Here she was in the Sayre Street, the Decatur Street and Capitol Hill Schools holding in the last the position of principal.

Employed by State

Feeling the need of a change of work from the school room to some other form of pursuit in line with her literary tastes Miss Greene gave up teaching to accept the position of Library Assistant in the Department of Archives and History at the capitol.

The nature of her duties required that she stimulate library interests throughout the State, and inspire especially rural communities with a desire for reading. Circulating libraries were urged upon such communities to this end and addresses made before organizations and town authorities with the hope by the Department of arousing enthusiasm and organization.

While holding this position Miss Greene was elected Secretary of the Alabama Library Association and becoming so well identified with library interests that she was selected by the Birmingham Library Association to go to that city in the capacity of secretary of the Board. Later she was elected as Director of the Birmingham Library during its period of reorganization.

Miss Greene found in the City Hall upon arriving at her new post of duty a number of dust covered books, that were not circulating to any extent, and an association that was practically a close corporation composed of individual library members. The public took little interest in the affair and there was a general lethargy in the whole question of a public library. It was to dispel this mood on the part of the people that Miss Greene was believed to be especially fitted. Her broad sympathy with all educational endeavor through her work in the school room and her former library extension work gave to her at once the public confidence.

She secured the liberal use of the press and made the library a daily theme. She appeared before women's clubs, before county boards, before city boards, before laboring men's organizations, and the school

teachers. Always her theme was the Birmingham Public Library, with an accent on PUBLIC, and "YOUR need of the Birmingham Public Library."

The dark rooms were lighted. The overhead high shelves were torn out of the walls and the open shelf of the up-to-date library put in reach of the littlest reader. A room was fitted up with scientific books for people of that turn of mind and other rooms were equipped for the working men of mine or factory or shop the literature of their several subjects being placed right to their hand. Branch libraries were encouraged in the suburbs. School libraries were added. Miss Greene's waking and sleeping hours were filled with visions of long lines of men, women and children filing into the city hall all with books in their hands or in quest of books. When she had succeeded in what she was engaged to do and not desiring to become a professional librarian, with its routine duties, Miss Greene relinquished the interests of the institution for which she had done so amazingly well, and entered into active newspaper work with *The Birmingham News*.

As Author

Whatever Frances Nimmo Greene has done outside of the serious business of authorship it was work done to make "the wheels go 'round," in a practical world where men must take thought of the material as well as the aesthetic side of life.

But the heart of her was ever in the making of books.

The summer vacations of her school teaching period were devoted to writing short stories, poems, and sustained fiction. The poems appeared in many leading Eastern periodicals. The short stories were accepted and, one one of them, "Light, More Light," received a prize in the Sunny South Fiction contest open to all comers.

As a club woman she did brilliant work, her club paper on Robert Burns receiving the prize a few years ago offered by the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs for the best paper submitted by a club woman through her club.

Three books stand to her credit, "King Arthur and His Court," "With Spurs of Gold" and "Into the Night."

We Meet Adventure

When seated on my porch one summer's day and Miss Greene finished telling me the story of what was later to be published under the title "Into the Night," she added:

"Now that is the bare outline. The local color I must get, and you are going with me to New Orleans after it."

And together we did go, she as novelist in quest of what the writer-folks for lack of a better phrase, call "local color," and I as chaperon.

We engaged our apartments in New Orleans at the Christian Woman's Exchange, run on the same plan as the Martha Washington of New York, for women only. From this sheltered nook, in quest of that same "local color" we issued forth at early morning, and at the quiet of midnight, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when all gentle-folk in the drowsy, semi-tropical city were taking their siesta. We haunted river fronts, and quaint, forgotten courts in old French town. We visited demure nuns in convents that were modesty abiding in remote side streets. We called upon the chief of police and attended the criminal court matinee. We followed the passing throngs into the chambers of the dead, where the watchers sat beside the bier to receive the charity money, which is a custom among the poor of the foreign quarters of New Orleans. We satisfied our taste for sweets among the molasses and sugar barrels on the docks, and we found picturesque and terrifying tunnels at the one end of which the crucifix stood above withered flowers of adoration, and where among the shadows beyond an assassin of the Mafia might have lurked. In one court that was more than "local color." It was a human document. Beneath a huge grape vine that wound its strangling coils about the dwarfed tree, like a great boaconstrictor, sat a scowling Italian telling his own or another's fortune, good or bad, with a pack of dirty cards, while an old crone stood, sweating above a charcoal furnace, on which was cooking the favorite Italian dish, spaghetti. The old woman might have been one of the Fates in Macbeth, and the spaghetti pot the boiling cauldron.

"Into the Night," which was then unnamed, and jestingly spoken of between us always as "T. G. A. N." signifying the words "The Great American Novel," was not all made from "local color." Miss Greene spent many days among the books of the rare library of Mr. T. P. Thompson, of the Howard Memorial Library, and the archives

of the police department. She was writing a story of a great crime, a detective story, enacted in a city rich in romance and history, and as redolent of mystery as a veiled woman. She sought out the men who were participants in the summary execution of the assassins of Chief of Police Hennessy. Mr. John C. Wicliff, who had been one of the three men to lead the mob to the jail where the bloody scenes were enacted, told the novelist the whole story, and declared that were it to do over he would do as he had done, because he knew he was right.

When we called upon Chief of Police Gaster to know if it would be safe to visit Vendetta Alley at night alone, he forbid it. We then joined the Salvation Army for the time being, and with our simple black dresses and poke bonnets had glimpses of the surface of that underworld that is so rife with criminal annals.

We Save A Boy

On one of our riverside walks, while Miss Greene was making a study of the Mississippi local craft for her book, we watched the sun set, talked to dock hands and roustabouts, and when night had fallen, while waiting to take notes of the effect of the town across the river as the lights were turned on, and the moon over all, we ran across a crowd of small boys taking a stolen swim from the dockside. They were little French and Italian lads, but could speak enough English to brag to us about their prowess as swimmers. While we watched them making startling dives into the deep water, one of the smallest of them swam quite a way out, and when he turned to shore his strength gave out. One of his comrades went to his aid, and called to the other boys, "T'row de rope." As it turned out, "throwing de rope," was the making of a chain of little arms and legs, one boy holding to the other, as the foremost seized and dragged inshore the boy in distress. But the human rope was not quite long enough when they came up to dock, and what with their floundering and excitement, the novelist and her chaperon must needs join hands and help the boys. And thus it was we wrote upon the notebook, half in fun, but all in fact, "We save a boy!"

Perhaps in years to come this little gentleman will tell the story of his peril, but it is a source of chance that he may know to boast that

to the presence of mind of the author of "Into the Night" he owes his length of days.

"Into The Night"

With New Orleans as a background, the fearful criminal organization of the Mafia as a working force pitted against a shrewd detective; a woman in love, an erratic daughter of the house but not of the blood, a strange little foundling who is ever seeking to find herself and her place in life; the mooted question of the dominant potency of heredity or environment, make up a set of personalities and conditions that hold the interest of the reader of "Into the Night" grippingly.

At the time of its publication the magazine and press criticisms were favorable without exception. The novel was acknowledged by these professional critics to be an interesting and strong plot, with real, human characters, the conversation bright and spirited, and the conclusion artistic. It was said to be "above all, true to gentle life," with no regulation sleuth using lightning-like disguises, skulking in the scenery. There were no stereotyped "deductions" made by an infallible mind reader as simply "as one might unravel a meal sack." The finale is pronounced again and again by these impartial judges to be striking, and pathetic as well as artistic.

The verdict was often expressed by the reviewers that "Into the Night" was the best book its publishers had ever brought out. With its mystery, intrigue, love, vengeance, and constantly moving action, the story is far superior to the mystery stories of that other Miss Greene, whose Christian name is "Anna Katherine," she of "The Filagree Ball" and "The Leavenworth Case."

'King Arthur and His Court'

No stories of adventure, no models of chivalry, no tales of magicians or of love have ever surpassed in interest and influence the legends of King Arthur and his table round.

What the great English poet, Tennyson, with a magic touch greater than that of old Merlin or the lady of the lake, has done for the

adult mind, the heart and brain of Frances Nimmo Greene, working under the spell of Tennyson's magic wand, has done for the child mind in her prose poems of the Arthurian legends.

To Tennyson, as well as the other great ones among the literatti who have written history, or chronicle of poesy, has Miss Greene made acknowledgment. She also delighted to honor the writer of "The Idyls of the King" by incorporating into her own stories the very language that is his when the occasion allows its use.

Thus the rare phrases of rare Tennyson become the common thought of the youth who reads the simple, swift moving narrative in Miss Greene's book, whereas it would be many a year or perhaps never, before the same exquisite thoughts and words would come into the same individuals possession through the poet's own work.

Through "King Arthur and His Court" the "clear faced king" that "selfless and stainless gentleman," and Sir Galahad, "whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure," are set before the boys of today, as models and exemplars.

The stories of the coming of Arthur, his marriage to Princess Guinevere, and its sad ending; of Gareth and Lynette; of Launcelot and Elaine; the Holy Grail and the passing of Arthur are told in Miss Greene's beautifully illustrated book, a book that has been bought by the thousands for school readers in America and in England, and one of the leaders among the juvenile books in circulating libraries wherever the English language is spoken or read the world over.

With Spurs of Gold

In the larger book "With Spurs of Gold," Miss Greene shares the authorship with Miss Dolly Williams Kirk, a talented member of the same family of gifted people.

Miss Kirk has, besides the stories of chivalry which she contributed in equal proportion with Miss Greene in the volume written short stories and poems. She is a popular teacher of English in the Sidney Lanier High School of this city, and a member of the Tintagil Club, composed of young women of exceptional literary attainments.

It was as a member of the Tintagil Club that Miss Kirk wrote her paper "Enobarbus" which as Miss Greene had done the year before, carried off the prize offered by the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs for the best paper sent to the committee by a club written by one of its members.

"With Spurs of Gold," like Miss Greene's first book deals with knighthood and deeds of chivalry. The co-authors declared that the purpose of the book was to enliven the study of history by giving the romantic details omitted in text-books, and to enable the readers to form a more vivid and lifelike conception of the great men with whom it deals and the turbulent and picturesque times in which they lived.

The book is not meant for the young reader alone, but to recall to the mind of the experienced student the many thrilling incidents in the lives of the heroes whom the authors have selected to portray which time may efface from their memories.

No narratives of heroes of the Middle Ages have ever been better told than by Miss Greene and Miss Kirk in their delightful "With Spurs of Gold." So highly did the book commend itself to the public, that through the demand of educators the publishers have abridged the original volume into a special supplementary reader edition which bears the title of "Heroes of Chivalry." Several western States have already adopted this as one of their legally accredited text books.

The knights whose deeds are glorified in the original volume are "Roland and Oliver," "The Cid Rodrigo Diaz in Bivar," "Godfrey and the First Crusade," "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," "The Chevalier Bayard," and "Sir Philip Sidney."

Miss Greene has returned to Montgomery to reside and is with the family of her brother, Mr. Robert Greene, Secretary of the Supreme Court Judges. Here in a pretty cottage in Cloverdale she will remain for a well deserved vacation before taking up the serious work of that novel for which her publishers are begging.

Addenda

Miss Greene died December 9, 1937, in Birmingham, and is buried in Tuscaloosa.

MRS. BELLE RICHARDSON HARRISON*

By Marie Bankhead Owen

How have the New England poets and those other Yankees of the Middle West attained to their country-wide and world-wide fame?

Was it not by their friends and neighbors declaring from the housetops that they were good poets, and through a press eager to spread the news that genius flourished within the confines of its bailiwick? Was not the public open-minded, and bold to contend against all claimants of the world that its own were the best and the greatest of poets?

Have not these claims and re-iterations at last become a part of the nation's permanent fund of knowledge? Why does not Alabama make a similar claim and a similar fight for the permanent reputation of her children of genius?

Why is not Belle R. Harrison as well known in her native state as James Whitcomb Riley is known in Indiana? Why is she not as well known as the author of "Teddy," as John Hay, author of "Little Breeches" was known for that boy-story?

Have we glorified our own as we should? Have the reviewers on our newspapers, the literary critics, the feature writers, the story tellers made the most of our authors as other sections make the most of their children of genius?

We review and dismiss, "Once and for all let's have done with it." "He is only from Mobile." "She is only from Birmingham." "He was born near our old home." "They are home folks and therefore not worth while." "Let's go afield. The further afield the better."

"If we can read a love poem translated from the Greek so much the better. If a fragment of verse of the monastic period of literary dominancy, excellent, most wonderful! But our own—away with it!"

*Montgomery Advertiser, July 11, 1911

Let us make a new resolve. We will discriminate. We will sift the wheat from the chaff, and of that wheat we will make the bread of our literary life for a meal or two if not for a staple literary diet.

There lives in Tuscaloosa a woman who is active in the social, patriotic, church and club life of that charming university town. Her name is Belle Richardson Harrison. Do you know her? What has she written? Let's make an excursion to the Druid City, a little journey to the home of this hospitable, wholesome, large-hearted woman.

As A Poet

Not until she was a wife and mother did the Muse bestow upon Belle Richardson Harrison the gift of poesy.

It chanced one morning when the whole house was aglow with the light of happiness, and her wee first born lay crooning in her arms, that this eminently domestic genius burst into song, and discovered to her own surprise that she was singing a lullaby out of her heart instead of out of the books.

Croon me a lullaby,
Sooth me to rest,
Pillow my tired head
Low on your breast;
Pass your hand drowsily
Over my eyes,
Under your gentle touch
Restfulness lies.

CHORUS

Rock to and fro with me,
Sing sweet and low to me,
Swinging and singing
Will lull me to rest.

Fold your arms lovingly
Over my heart,
Sorrow will glide away,
Trouble depart.
Quietly resting,
My senses beguiled,
I'll peacefully sleep
Like a worn-out child.

Smiling and dreaming,
Bright visions unfold,
The stars intermingling,
Weave fancies in gold;
The hum of the busy world,
Freighted with care,
Will fade out in slumber, like
Mist from the air.

When she had set the verses down in black and white they were sent to *The Boston Transcript*, that very discriminating judge of good poetry. At once they were published, and a Boston composer set the song to music.

This beautiful lullaby has been sung over the cradles of hundreds of wee children since the day its author brought it "out of the Everywhere into Here," and will continue to be sung as long as there are wee first-born children to croon over.

Having discovered that she could write poetry, Mrs. Harrison listened to the voices of rhythm all about her. The melody in grief, of peace, of children at play, of hearts that beat to the tune of the sweet old story of love, to the ministry of suffering, to the humorous side of life itself.

In all that she has written there is an optimistic philosophy, a genuine wholesomeness that has given her a secure place in the affections of those other wise people who want to see a smile through tears, and consolation behind prison bars.

Her Dialect Verse

There has never been a better negro dialect poem written than *Pomp's Defense*.

This poem has been widely copied, and some authors have so admired it that they have claimed it as their own, believing that it evidenced genius, but perhaps from an obscure source, and their plagiarism would never be detected. It has been claimed from Maine to California, but "*Judge*," in which it first appeared, knows well its true composer. In a letter to Mrs. Harrison this editor wrote: "Your con-

tributions to Judge have been very popular. The little poem, 'Stole Dem Breeches,' (Pomp's Defense) was copied everywhere."

The origin of the poem is interesting.

A negro man in Tuscaloosa, the home city of Mrs. Harrison, was brought up for trial for stealing a pair of trousers. His defense before the judge was that he had stolen them to be baptized in. The oft repeated truism that a negro has more religion and less morals than any race on earth was so clearly illustrated in Pomp's reasoning that Mrs. Harrison seized upon it to make out a case in point.

Pomp's Defense

"I stole dem breeches, I 'knowledge de corn
But 'warn't no crime, ez sure ez you're born
Ef de motive is right, den whar's de sin?
I stole dem breeches ter be baptized in.

For my onliest pa'r wuz clean wored out,
Dey gib up de ghos' when I 'gun ter shout,
But r'ligion is mighty en mus' prevail,
Do it lands er darky in de county jail.

De chaingang's got me en de coal mines too,
But what could er 'fenceless, colored man do,
When de jedge en jury lowed it wuz sin
Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptize' in.

Tell de folks all howdy en good-bye, too,
I'll meet 'em in hebben when my wuck is fru,
Fur my heart is white, do my skin is black,
En I'm gwine ter trabble de shinin' track.

When de Lawd is jedge, I kno' He gwine ter say,
"Pomp's straight ez er shingle en fair ez de day."
He'll shout ter de worl' dat it twarn't no sin
Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptiz' in."

When Pomp had served out his sentence in the mines and had returned to the farm from whence he went so unwillingly, his lawyer took a copy of Mrs. Harrison's poem to his place and read it to him. Pomp listened attentively and when the verses were concluded he looked very puzzled:

"Boss, I sho did say, 'I stole em breeches ter be baptize' in' but I clar' 'fore Jesus, I nebber said all der res' uv it."

In addition to "Pomp's Defense," Mrs. Harrison has written other negro dialect poetry that is of equal merit. "The Old Mammy," a negro lullaby, is quaintly tender, and recalls the sweet "Mammy" poems of Martha Young, Howard Weeden and Martha Gielow.

In a prize contest for the best parody on Poe's "Raven," Current Literature published Mrs. Harrison's "Rat Trap," a sad tale, with a funny vein, about the negro who went out to steal a chicken out of his master's hennery. His foot having been caught in the dark by the big steel rat trap set for night prowlers and rodents by the owner of the coveted fowls, the thief's outcries brought the master upon him. The final verse says:

"In dat cell I still am sittin', chewin' er tobacco, spittin'
Honin' fur dem fat young pullets drapt erpon de henhouse floor;
Killin' flies en 'skeeters shootin', O, dat trap wuz my undoin'.
Dragged me 'long de road to ruin, en my heel am stiff en sore,
When dis nigger nex' goes stealin', he'll look out fur rat traps shore,
En step on 'em—nebber more".

Still other poems of great interest and worth as folk lore philosophy and incident are "A Wrong Inference," "A Plantation Scene," and "Uncle Jake and the Levee," the finale of which is so characteristic that it must be given.

Uncle Jake and the Levee

Uncle Jake was a devout believer and preacher of the gospel and put into practical application his theory that the Lord helped those who helped themselves. While illustrating this point by the fact of how he mended the levee and knew the flood would not break through, his sermon was interrupted by a messenger, who told him that that very thing has happened and that his fields were flooded. After listening to the news Uncle Jake descends from the pulpit and says to a sympathetic bystander:

"Ef de crap is all ruint an' 'stroyed dat way,
After dis nigger done wuck an' pray,
Ef de Lord's dun dat, I tell yer, suh,
He ain't de man what I tuck him fur!"

"The Descent of the Aeronaut," and "The Darkey's Heaven" are clever, and "Pass de Hat Eroun'," is a companion piece in the serio-comic to the universal favorite, "Pomp's Defense."

The charm of Mrs. Harrison's poetry is its spontaneity. There is no struggling for effect, no reaching out for strange metaphors. The material at hand is translated from prose into poetry with the realism left before you to make you weep or make you laugh, or to force you to smile even while the tear is trembling on the eyelash.

For the egotist there is a world of wisdom in her poem "Eliminate the I." For the family that is unmindful of the real feelings of the small boy of the house there is a timely warning in the story of "Johnny Boy," who was called upon to do errands for his numberless sisters, and who was too frequently the object of his father's fault finding. The reader is obliged to feel mighty kindly towards Johnny-boy's mother of whom he said in his long plaint against the others:

"Johnny Boy."

"Now Ma's the only pard I've got,
She's wo'th the whole endurin' lot,
She knows a feller wants to play,
An' let's him sometimes have his way.

She makes him cookies an' jam pies,
An' lets him bag the butter flies.
She ties his June bugs by the legs,
An' helps him set his turkey eggs.

I'd run away—'twixt you an' me—
If 'twant for Ma, an' go to sea;
But I'm her comfort an' her joy—
She'd break her heart for 'Johnny-boy.'

A lot er girls ain't wo'th their keep,
But a 'Johnny-boy'—he counts a heap."

The Deef Ole Man

Another human interest story of great truth in the collection is in poor white dialect, spoken by "The Deef Ole Man," the story of the old favorite at the "tavern" who had lost his hearing, and felt deeply

the indifference of his friends in keeping him company because they found it unpleasant to talk to him.

“The friends that used ter set with me
Now quickly disappear
When I go to the tavern, fur
I’m stone deaf in my year.

I don’t know who’s the President,
Fur Grant is dead, I hear:
I’ve had ter drap my country sence
I’m stone deaf in my year.”

The truth to nature and to life in these two poems, “Johnny-boy,” and “The Deef Ole Man,” as well as the perfect rhythm of the verses, puts them in the same class with James Whitcomb Riley’s “The Ole Fishin’ Hole” and his other best pieces.

Of course so much cleverness has not been allowed to be lost to another generation than that of Mrs. Harrison’s contemporary readers. The pages of the publications in which her poems have been printed have been searched and the whole collection reprinted into a volume which is modestly entitled, “Poems,” by Belle R. Harrison.

Motherhood Poems

While Mrs. Harrison will hold her place, through her dialect poems, as far as her work already published is concerned, and this because of the facility with which she has made a true interpretation of character, it must be claimed that she has revealed the heart of the true mother in her lullabies and other poems of child life.

And naturally so, when it is known that her home life has been one of unusual tranquility and happiness, and that her motherhood has been to her a crowning joy and glory.

Camden, Wilcox County, is entitled to the proud claim of having been the native heath of this gifted daughter of Alabama. Her parents are Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Richardson, who for a number of years, have been identified with the social life of Tuscaloosa. Mrs. Sterling A. Wood of Birmingham, another gifted woman, is the sister of Mrs. Harrison.

She is the wife of Mr. John Calhoun Harrison, of Tuscaloosa, and with her husband and two daughters, Misses Katie Belle and Adele Hudson Harrison, lives in an elegant and picturesque home on Queen City avenue in that city.

Among those women of exceptional gifts who have made club life in Tuscaloosa famous among the women of Alabama, must be reckoned Mrs. Harrison. "The Kettle-Drum," a noted literary organization, claims her as one of its bright, particular stars. "The Up-to-Date," another organization that ranked high in the early history of Alabama clubs, claims her among its members.

She is a Daughter of the Confederacy, and has the honor of Colonial heritage, of which she is justly proud.

Addenda

Mrs. Harrison died December 4, 1940, in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

RECONSTRUCTION IN BULLOCK COUNTY

By Cecil E. McNair

Submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in the College of Arts
and Sciences in the University of
Alabama.

University, Alabama

1931

PURPOSE OF THIS HISTORY

It is the purpose of this short history to tell the story of Bullock County during that tragic era which followed upon the heels of that bloody conflict which so nearly rended the nation asunder. It was a period of hardship and suffering—bitterness and hate—a period during which the souls of men were tried in the crucibles of political disruption and economic depression.

Some of that feeling still lingers in the hearts of those who lived through those tragic years—but a new generation has arisen, a generation whose members have no dark shadow of Reconstruction to eclipse their loyalty and patriotism to the nation, nor to bring sad thoughts with the strains of "Dixie."

C. E. M.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter I

Formation and Outlook

Formation of the County of Bullock	79
Social and Economic Conditions	80
Population	82
Educational Outlook	83
Religious Organizations	84
Policy of George M. Drake	84
The Interview with Stevens	86
Indications of Trouble	87
The First Clash Between Whites and Blacks	87
The Freedman's Bureau	88

Chapter II

The Rise of Radicalism

The Registration of Negro Voters	91
The Union League	91
The Midway Barbecue	92
The Coming of John C. Keffer	93
Social Conditions Under the New Regime	94
Educational Facilities	96
Agriculture and Trade	97
Attempt to Overthrow the County Government	99
The Conservative Movement	100

Chapter III

The Era of Radicalism

Arrival of Federal Troop and A Radical Victory	101
Attitude of People Toward Federal Troops	101
Morality and Sanitation Among Negroes	105

Establishment of Free Public Schools	105
Increase in Taxes	106
Inventions	106
Agricultural Organizations and Home Manufacturing	107
The Montgomery and Eufaula Railroad	108
Change of Attitude Toward Negroes	108
Radical Politics	109
Insubordination in the Radical Ranks	110
Negroes in the Jury Box	112
The War Scare	113
Economic Troubles	113

Chapter IV

The Triumph of White Democracy

Bacon and Meal for "Flood Sufferers"	115
The Election of 1874	116
Col. R. H. Powell Turns Radical	117
The August Election of 1876—A Democratic Victory	118
Youngblood's Testimony	119
The Arrests of Election Officials	121
The Resignation of Judge Black	121
Schools and Education	121
The Grange Movement	122
The County Fair	123
The Phenix Cotton Mill	124

Chapter I

FORMATION AND OUTLOOK

On December 5, 1866, an act was approved by the Alabama Legislature to create a new county of certain portions of Macon, Montgomery, Pike and Barbour Counties. The new county was to be composed of a portion of the southern part of Macon County, of the eastern part of Montgomery County, of the western part of Barbour County, and of the northern part of Pike County. It was to be called Bullock County after an officer by that name who had a war record satisfactory to those men who had followed the standards of the Alabama Rifles and Perote Guards.

Section 2 of the act provided that "James J. Norman, Joel T. Crawford, and Malichi Ivey, free-holders of the said new county of Bullock, be, and they are hereby appointed a commission, whose duty it shall be to hold an election, on a day to be fixed by the Governor, for such county, officers as are or may be authorized by law to be elected by the people of each county of the State." These commissioners were to appoint managers for the election in the precincts of the county and all persons who were then qualified voters at the time of the election and who resided within the bounds of the county were entitled to take part in the election. The managers were to make returns of the elections to the county commission who in turn should certify the returns to the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State would then issue certificates of election.

The commissioners were also authorized to hold two elections for the selection of a county site. Three sites were to be nominated for the seat of government neither being closer than five miles to the other nor more than ten miles from the center of the county. In the second election the two sites receiving the highest number of votes should be voted for as the permanent site of the county.

Provisions were also made for such matters as the establishment of precincts and beats, the settlement of debts to the counties which had

* Acts of Alabama, 1866-67, pp. 65-68.

* Acts of Alabama, 1866-67, pp. 65-68.

contributed territory to Bullock County, taxes, the establishment of courts and the transfer of cases to these courts from those of the other counties, and the appointment by the Governor of commissioners to take the place of those who died, were removed or refused to serve.

And so the work of organizing the county government proceeded apace. Union Springs, the largest town in the county and the most centrally located, was chosen as the permanent seat of justice. Although there was as yet no courthouse, the Baptist Church had a fair sized basement and with the consent of the members this was used as a temporary courthouse. Thus the government headquarters of Bullock County, though underground, had the advantage of being in a temple, and Probate Judge D. A. McCall certainly had the church over him whether or not it was behind him.

Much has been said of the deplorable state of affairs in the South after the Civil War. The territory which became Bullock County had the advantage of being removed from the field of war and there was not even any skirmishing in that vicinity. A few detached bodies of Federal troops camped near Union Springs during the latter part of the period of hostilities, but the property damage seems to have been limited to a few chickens and maybe a pig or two, but this does not mean that this section escaped the ravages of war. A notice in the Union Springs Times to the effect that Judge McCall would furnish blanks and information for securing artificial limbs, made available by the legislature, was a significant reminder of the devastation wrought by Yankee bullets. Men of this section responded generously to the call to arms and many of them came home no more, or were maimed in body and broken in spirit.

The economic system was disrupted and the labor supply was a matter of conjecture, for it was uncertain what the negroes would do or expect. Many farms had been neglected, and dilapidated fences offered scant barriers to the woe begone stock and cattle which had scarcely survived the war period. Dwelling houses and out-houses were sadly in need of repair and roads were often impassable. The bad condition of the road was one reason why the people demanded the

* Union Springs Times, March 13, 1867.

† Times, March 3, 1867.

creation of a new county for during the rainy season they were practically isolated from the sites of the counties in which they lived. Those citizens of the northern part of the county had formerly found it almost impossible to get to Tuskegee in Macon County because of the character of the prairie soil. A horse could hardly negotiate it alone in wet weather, much less pull a wagon or buggy over it. The roads to Montgomery, Troy, and Clayton were little better. During the war these had been neglected—bridges had been allowed to wash away and decay—so the formation of a new county seemed to be the only remedy for the almost complete isolation of these people from their county sites during the rainy season.

Another deplorable situation or condition was the attitude and aptitude of the men who returned from the war. Military activities are not calculated to make philosophers or farmers of men and the education of the boys of this section had not been very utilitarian. With the great supply of negro labor, two or three negroes to every white person, the children of the white planters, large or small, had not been called upon to take a very active part in agricultural work which was mostly the production of cotton. They had studied law, music, public speaking, painting and things of a character not calculated to soil the hands or hurt the back. Much of their time had been spent in the pleasant but not very productive sports such as fox hunting, quail shooting, horse racing and the like. Hence they made good soldiers; but when their social system was destroyed and they were placed upon their own resources, many quailed before the task as they realized their inability to cope with it. The glories of war soon faded from the memories of the people and a man's war record did not help to produce the one staple upon which the whole economic system of the county was based—cotton. Some struggled along despondently; others gave up in despair and migrated to other states and territories in hopes of finding a place where they might work out their salvation unhindered by a broken down social and economic system. However, there were many who were able to take up the work of rehabilitation and forge ahead in spite of the changed conditions in which they found themselves. These were the men who furnished the initiative and power which served the county so well during those dark days which followed closely upon the heels of war.

* Opinion expressed by Mr. A. A. Moore, Union Springs, Alabama.

* Interview with Mrs. A. M. Curry, Union Springs, Alabama.

If some Bullock County planter, with a desire to analyse the social, political and economic situation of the new county shortly after it was established, had investigated thoroughly he would have found many things to give warnings of breakers ahead. Also he would have found some indications of a speedy recovery from ruin and loss occasioned by the war.

The population of the county at the time of the creation was approximately 25,000. The census of 1870 gave it as 24,474, but as has been said, there was some immigration during the years preceding this. Of this number listed by the census 7,225 were whites and 17,251 were negroes. The following table will give an idea of the distribution of population and also help to explain the development of a political situation such as obtained in the county under the tutelage of that much hated tyrant "Thad" Stevens:

<i>Beat</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>Native</i>	<i>Foreign</i>	<i>White</i>	<i>Col.</i>
Midway	3036	3027	9	884	2152
Indian Creek	1162	1158	4	382	580
Perote	1538	1535	3	739	799
Scotland	760	759	1	370	390
Bughall	1823	1821	2	905	918
Union Church	1307	1306	1	570	735
Greenwood	3396	3393	3	643	2753
Bruceville	862	862	0	226	636
Sardis	1218	1217	1	301	917
Union Springs	6119	6027	92	1871	4248
Ridgely	2080	2073	5	528	1552
Enon	1748	1743	5	206	1542
Suspension	880	878	2	150	730

Thus it can be seen that the population was overwhelmingly colored and that the foreign element was almost negligible, only a little over a hundred.

Of the 24,368 inhabitants of the county who were born in America, 17,418 were born in the state of Alabama, 4,204 in Georgia, 935 in

* Ninth Census of the United States, 1870. Table 2, p. 11.

* Ninth Census of the United States, 1870, Table VII, p.

South Carolina, 635 in North Carolina, 659 in Virginia and West Virginia, and 214 in Tennessee. The foreigners came from various countries as follows: British America, 2; England and Wales, 6; Ireland, 16; Scotland, 7; Germany, 29; France, 5; Africa, 13; and Austria, 5.

These figures concerning the foreign born in the county serve as an index to the economic conditions in the South which caused immigrants to give it a wide berth.

Educational facilities were very poor and there were less than a thousand children attending school at all—many of these for only a few weeks or months in the year. The census of 1870 gives information on this subject which must have been discouraging to the citizens who had visions of helping to build a New South on the site of the Old South which was no more.

Of the 932 children who attended school, there were 305 male whites and 297 female whites. There were 164 colored boys and 166 colored girls in school, or at least enrolled sometime during the year. There was not a single foreign born child in school and this would seem to indicate that few of the foreigners who came to Bullock County had families or that they would not bring them along to settle in a section which had been ruined economically. Few negroes had any chance to get an education and not many white children could attend school for six months in succession. The results were that in 1870 there were 11,797 persons in the county over ten years of age who could not read and 11,797 who could not write. Of the white people between the ages of ten and fifteen, there were 153 boys and 94 girls who could not write; between the ages of 15 and 21, there were 75 males and 68 females unable to write; and 102 men and 136 women over the age of 21 who could not write. But this was a good record when compared with that of the colored people. There were 977 males and 873 females between the ages of ten and fifteen who could not write; 1,101 males and 1,171 females between the ages of 15 and 21; and 3,574 men and 3,473 women over the age of twenty one who had to depend upon others to do their writing for them.

It can be seen that there were few illiterate whites, relatively speaking, while the colored people were almost as a whole unread and untaught. Small wonder that the planter shuddered as he heard the rumblings from Washington and scanned the newspapers anxiously for

any news concerning the putting of the ballot into the hands of this ignorant populace just out of bondage.

In the county there were thirty-nine religious organizations with twenty-nine edifices, some of the buildings hardly worthy of that name. These churches had 7,550 sittings and property valued at \$27,600. The Baptists had nineteen organizations with 3,750 sittings. As the negroes began to organize their own churches and to withdraw from those maintained by the white people, many pews were vacant—pews which had for many years been occupied by jovial and respectful colored people, young and old, loved and respected by those white people who were conscientiously interested in their moral and spiritual welfare.

So during the late winter and spring of 1867, there was much to cause the planter to wrinkle his brow in anxious meditation. But the picture was not all dark. Here and there were hints of better things to come. Cotton would still grow and it was bringing a good price, so money could be made regardless of the Federal tax which amounted to as much as twelve dollars and fifty cents on a five hundred pound bale.*

Also the government of the county was a "White man's" government and the county had been established and declared as the seventeenth district of the Southern Chancery Division and the court to be established would be a "white man's" court.†

Then there was the militant and aggressive Union Springs Times, which had as a policy the early rehabilitation of the county and the fiercest antagonism toward any influences, persons, or policies which might come from "Yankeeland." Editor Drake even allowed this policy to invade and permeate the advertisements in his weekly journal, and he did not hesitate to insist at length that the people patronize home industry and desist from buying articles of Northern manufacture. Many and fiery were the editorials of this nature which came from

* Ninth Census of the United States, 1870, table X, p. 401.

† On the minutes of the Bethel Presbyterian Church can be found request for church letters of colored members who desired to transfer their membership to colored churches in Union Springs or elsewhere. This information was given to the author by Mr. T. E. Cope, Inverness, Ala.

* Union Springs Times, June 5, 1867.

† Ibid., February 27, 1867.

his pen, and it was easy to see that George M. Drake did not completely surrender when he abandoned his gray uniform and musket for civilian clothes and a printing press.

He wrote as follows concerning an advertisement placed in his paper by one Alexander Ross: "While Stevens and Company are passing bills to oppress us, let this community, as far as possible, defeat the intended tyranny by making themselves materially independent of the North. Encourage and enlarge every form of home industry. Mr. Ross gives a chance in one line—a very important one. He now offers for sale thirteen first class buggies—the work and the material which are warranted, and at prices as favorable as can be had in Yankeedom. Patronize this gentleman and show him and the world that you have a little sympathy with and appreciation for native skill and industry."*

What a critical pen he wielded in casting scorn and vituperation upon the papers which abandoned the policy of resistance! When in March 1867 the Tuskegee News "Went over to Radicalism" he wrote at length with anger and sorrow over "such ignominious and voluntary degradation."† In a controversy with the Montgomery Advertiser many columns were warmed with angry accusations and the Advertiser offered an excuse for its change of policy that Drake considered very lame indeed. It was still opposed to the Military Bill, but had acquiesced from necessity. According to the Times they were traitors to the cause of a down trodden people.*

Nor did the editor content himself with sitting in a small office and writing editorials. He felt that it was his duty to find out something definite about the situation so the people of the county would know what to expect from Washington, either for better or for worse. The suspense was so great that merchants and planters alike were uncertain as to what course to follow. Planters hesitated to plant large crops of cotton, not having any assurance of a sufficient and efficient labor supply. They had no desire to put in many acres only to have it ruined by the grass; neither were they anxious to produce a large crop only to have Federal taxes take all the profits of risk and labor. There were even rumors that plantations would be confiscated.

* Union Springs Times, February 27, 1867.

† Times, March 13, 1867.

Merchants were also in a dilemma. Money was extremely scarce and people who wanted to buy could not pay cash, but credit business was likely to be a precarious venture. However, goods were cheap in the North and some Union Springs merchants went to New York to buy stocks of goods regardless of conditions. But they realized that they were taking long chances.*

Spring had not advanced very far when Drake began to consider a plan to find out if things were as dark as they seemed. He would interview Stevens himself. So for weeks the Times carried long editorials written from various points in the North and signed "On the Wing."

May 23, 1867, found Drake in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, ready to beard the lion in his den and a few days later citizens of Bullock County read an account of the interview and were in no wise consoled by it. However, they were glad to hear that the hated Stevens was not what they considered a gentleman. Drake wrote at length concerning the moral situation in the home of Stevens—how he was living with a negro woman whom he had abducted from her husband. Mr. Claude Bowers at a much later date declared that the husband was dead,† but at the time that was not known in Bullock County and they rebelled at the thought of being ground under the heel of a man who was living in open adultery with a negro woman. Drake wrote of the feebleness of Stevens, but also mentioned that his eyes were still aflame with the despotic power and revenge which sustained him, and that his cold, pitiless intellect was not impaired by age.

Drake inquired of him as to what his party demanded and when it would stop; upon what terms his party would recognize the Southern States as equal members of the government; whether he pursued his policy as a party measure for purposes of intimidation. Stevens answered that he did nothing for party purposes, but that he regarded the proposed action as equitable and resting upon principles of law. He told Drake that the South was still belligerent and worthy of no privilege. However, they would not be hanged, but only made to pay

* Union Springs Times, March 20, 1867.

* Union Springs Times, March 27, 1867.

† Bowers, *The Tragic Era*, p. 81; Union Springs Times, June 2, 1867.

damages. Stevens announced his intention to persist in his confiscation measures and said that Alabama would not be admitted to the Union under any circumstances whatsoever.

Meanwhile there had been many incidents in the county that seemed to indicate that there might be trouble ahead. In March the Union Springs Times was calling for more police protection and such editorials as the following were common; "Until an addition of at least two is made to the police of the town, no just citizen will blame the marshall for the misdemeanors and disturbances occuring at night. It is the duty of the council, however, to put a sufficient force at the command of the marshall to enable him to disperse disorderly gatherings, such as in the shape of nigger balls three times a week."*

The question was asked as to how seven of ten "strapping wenches" huddled together in a small cabin managed to sport such finery and do nothing to earn it. Also "why is it a respectable citizen's own home is not secure from violence?" The conclusion of the whole matter was that such things must come to an end or the "Regulators" would have to be organized.*

"Niggerside Number Four" was the caption over the news item telling of the fourth murder among the negroes congregated about Union Springs—the "fourth killing of nigger by nigger" as the Times put it.

The Republican leader was regaled in no uncertain terms; "Do you hear, Old Thad? Four of your loyalists murdered—murdered deliberately by four other loyalists! Why don't you howl about these things, and get mad, and send out congressional investigating committees? You blathering Old Pharisee. If you don't do something your nigger allies won't poll any votes to hurt, and 'the colored troops fought nobly'."† It will be noticed that the word negro during times of racial strife became nigger in many of the newspapers and many old people still insist on using it that way in referring to the colored race.

* Union Springs Times. March 6, 1867.

* Union Springs Times, March 6, 1867.

† Ibid.

Stores were robbed here and there over the county at frequent intervals and negroes were suspected as the guilty parties. Mr. Wells, Supt. of the Mobile and Girard Railroad which was being constructed at that time, would hire no negro labor, but gave all jobs to white men. This aroused a feeling of animosity between the races and led to a clash between a band of white transient laborers and a party of freedmen a short distance from Union Springs. This happened one night in the early part of April and was the first clash between the races in the county. Many shots were exchanged in the fight and one negro was killed and one wounded. The whites suffered no casualties either from bullets or from the law, for only one was brought into court and he was discharged.*

An ordinance to prevent females from appearing on the streets unattended by gentlemen after ten o'clock in the evening was passed in Union Springs about the first of May. Offenders could be confined in the guardhouse and fined not more than ten dollars.† There was evidently a feeling that women would not be safe from insults or indignities at the hands of drunken or impudent negroes and a race riot could easily have been started in this manner.

The negroes, a few days previous to this, had met for the purpose of dissolving all connections with the white churches, to affiliate with the African Methodist Church which was organized in the county by Rev. Harry Stubbs, an eighty year old colored divine from North Carolina. Henceforth the white people were disturbed by the shouts, yells and other disturbances which issued forth from the synagogues of the colored congregations.

In May the negroes sent two of their number, D. H. Hill and Benjamin Royal, to represent them in the colored mass convention in Mobile.* In June the Freedman's Bureau established schools in the county and urged the colored people to patronize them. Bad feelings were being stirred up and nearly every man, young and old, black and white, carried a concealed weapon. The negroes probably carried them as a badge of the new freedom and because of the propaganda which

* Union Springs Times, April 21, 1867.

† Times, May 1, 1867.

* Union Springs Times, May 8, 1867.

was brought into the county by agitators and organizers of the Union League. Many white men felt that life and property were actually in danger and in the absence of military or police protection deemed it necessary and wise to be prepared for whatever emergency that might arise.

And so as spring passed into summer there seemed to be a portent of evil in the land and wise men shook their heads as they muttered that all was not well.

Chapter II

THE RISE OF RADICALISM

The summer of 1867 was filled with foreboding for the white people of Bullock County. On the other hand, the negroes were happy in anticipation of the things which had been promised them. Were they not going to vote, hold office, get forty acres and a mule, testify in court against the "white folk," and have a day of jubilee generally?

In June when registration took place there were 705 voters registered in beat 10, whites 172, negroes 511, almost three to one in favor of the freedman. This proportion obtained in most parts of the county.* At first the negroes were somewhat shy of the book as they had probably been told by whites interested in having them keep away that it was a trick to harm them in some way. But under the tutelage of agents, who were getting so much per head to register them, they soon overcame their fear and shyness and practically all registered. Bullock County would have gladly transferred some of the negroes to Pike County for she had nearly three thousand colored voters and a little over a thousand whites, while Pike had only 697 black voters and over twice as many whites.†

With the primary election for the purpose of selecting delegates to the state convention coming on September 4, and with the negroes in the majority, it behooved the whites to curry their favor, and with kindness and entertainment persuade them to vote the Democratic and Conservative ticket. This solicitation took the form of picnics, barbecues, fish fries, and other similar social affairs, all of which appealed to the "inner colored man."

In the middle of the summer there were no radical organizations as such in the county, but the Union League had been organized presumably as a charitable and benevolent association for the purpose of relief work. The entertainments furnished by the white people were calculated to keep the negroes friendly and thus stave off radicalism. There was no

* Union Springs Times, July 3, 1867.

† Times, July 31, 1867.

doubt that if the Union League became a radical organization all would be lost in a political way.

The *Times* boasted that there was not a white radical in the county and there was a feeling that if no agitators came in to disturb the situation the negroes could be persuaded to "do the right thing." The right thing, of course, was to work in the cotton fields and vote the Democratic ticket.*

The middle of August found the movement directed against radicalism in full swing. At Midway there was a big barbecue in which several hundred whites and over a thousand negroes participated.* After partaking to a satisfying degree of the savory meat, stew, and layer cakes and whiskey in amounts not calculated to upset the equilibrium of the negroes, the political speeches began. White speakers outdid themselves with persuasive appeals to the negroes for cooperation and loyalty. Negro speakers were listened to respectfully as they denounced radicalism and promised to "stick to the white folks." Col. M. D. Seal of Clayton took occasion to defend himself against charges of radicalism. Peter Seal, a negro, followed him and stressed harmony between the races. Capt. Ben Gardner of Clayton instructed the colored men concerning their rights and duties. Benjamin Royal of Chunnenugee, Chief of the Union League of Bullock County, made a speech in which he declared that the League was not a political organization, but charitable and benevolent. He advocated order and harmony. His speech was applauded vigorously and several white men shook hands with him when he had finished. Other speakers were Col. R. H. Powell of Union Springs, Thornton Hill, a colored man from Clayton, and Austin Gary, a Eufaula negro. There was great harmony during the affair with only one slight disorder which was immediately checked by the county sheriff, who was on hand with a small guard by orders of General Pope. During the time a white man was speaking a negro noticed that the sun annoyed him and held an umbrella over him. Later in the program it started raining and a white man held an umbrella over a colored man who was speaking at the time.

So every thing seemed to be moving smoothly and there was hope

* Union Springs Times, August 7, 1867.

* Union Springs Times, August 14, 1867.

that after all these would be nothing to fear from colored voters; but a few days later when General Swayne ordered an investigation of the arrest and the conviction of two negro burglars in Union Springs the Times asked "who is the spy?" Although there was nothing done about it, the people were indignant because someone had displayed radicalism by reporting to Swayne.*

Then in the latter part of September came the deluge. J. C. Keffer, "a stray Pennsylvanian," convoked "his Leaguers," two thousand strong, on Saturday in Union Spring where he taught them the principles of radicalism.† There was some parading before the meeting which was held in front of the Baptist Church. Ben Royal made the first speech which was not very radical, but he stressed the fact that voting and office holding were correlatives. His speech had an ominous sound when compared to the one at the Midway barbecue a few weeks before. Keffer followed him with a speech that contained little argument, no logic, and little respect for veracity. It was an attempt to attach the negroes to radicalism, and to facilitate this movement he inspired hatred and distrust toward the whites. He told them that the whites were trying to enslave them and that they did not have a white friend outside of the Radical Party. Appealing to their brutal passions he preached riots, massacre and arson. "Old Speed," a notoriously bad negro, followed Keffer in order and in line of thought. He cast insults and invectives at the whites and made it plain that he did not desire harmony with them as did Royal. A few white people on the edge of the crowd heard his speech and a riot was in process of getting underway, but Col. Howell Peebles spoke to them and succeeded in quieting them. Prayer and singing closed the meeting—paradoxical as it seemed to the whites.*

That afternoon John C. Keffer almost came to the end of his career at the hands of two men who evidently considered it their duty to rid the community of so dangerous a pest.† As Keffer drove out of Union Springs on his way to Montgomery he was accosted by two

* Union Springs Times, August 21, 1867.

† Times, September 25, 1867. See also Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, pp. 506, 518, 524, 737, and 751 for further mention of John C. Keffer.

* Union Springs Times, September 25, 1867.

† Ibid.

white men on horses who rode on either side of his buggy for several miles. They argued political questions with him for a while and finally attacked him, dragged him from his buggy, and while one man held him the other shot him in the head with a small pistol. Keffer's lively dodging and struggling evidently saved his life for the bullet inflicted only a scalp wound. He made his escape and returned to Union Springs where he had the wound dressed and took measures to have his assailants arrested. Suspicion fell upon Captain Andrews of Chunnugge and he was arrested and placed in the guard house. News of the incident spread rapidly and negroes gathered from all parts of the county. The marshall and an extra police force were hard put to prevent the rough handling or lynching of Andrews. By Sunday morning there were thousands of negroes in Union Springs and many of them were armed. The situation was alarming, but Keffer strutted around, evidently pleased at his prominence in the proceedings and at the prospects of a bloody riot. But upon being told that in case of trouble his "own precious carcass" would need burial he yielded to the solicitations of the white citizens and spoke to the negroes and prevented a collision. There was a feeling that the negroes had a military organization with "Gen'l Speed" in command and the whites threatened to protect themselves with arms, if protection was not forthcoming elsewhere. In a meeting during the afternoon several leading citizens addressed the negroes and one negro speaker told what the Yankees had done for him. He warned his fellow freedmen not to have anything to do with them. A white citizen affirmed and offered to make the statement under oath that Keffer in a private conversation had told him that his sole object in the South was to make money and that he intended to make it one way or another.

The Montgomery Sentinel reported Keffer's case as perpetrated by Union Springs rebels and the Union Springs Times contradicted them warmly and called them liars.*

A squad of 5th United States Cavalry under Lieutenant Binning arrived in Union Springs a few days later to arrest Captain Andrews, but failing to find him they arrested Esquire Smith before whom Andrews had his preliminary hearing. He was arrested on parole to

* Union Springs Times, October 15, 1867.

† Times, October 5, 1867.

§ Times, October 18, 1867.

appear in Montgomery the following Wednesday for trial. He was exonerated from the charges against him.†

In the convention election of the middle of October, there were 2,483 votes for the convention and only 599 against it.§ The four radical candidates received over 2,400 votes while the Democratic candidates received slightly more than 600 votes. Bullock County Democrats had failed to gain the negro vote and they were forced to admit that the colored citizens had rushed joyfully into the arms of Radicalism.

Although political questions absorbed the attention of the people of Bullock County during those distressing times, there were many other things to be considered. Children had to be educated; crops had to be planted and cultivated; transportation problems had to be met and credit established. Also there was the problem of self preservation from armed and impudent negroes. Judge McCall's court was crowded with cases of fights and quarrels among the freemen who were not illustrating very well the beauty of brotherly love.* Almost every Saturday the negroes flocked to town for the purpose of enjoying their freedom and to listen to Radical speakers. Leading citizens like R. H. Powell and Howell Peebles often spoke to them in an effort to maintain peace and good will, but the colored men seemed to like the fiery speeches of Radicalism much better.

At Enon hundreds of well armed negroes were drilling and sometimes church goers were disturbed by them.† Mr. Wiggins, a white citizen of Enon, whipped a negro laborer who had slandered his wife and the negroes tried to hang him.§ Another white man stopped them for the time being, but the next morning a large body of them seized Wiggins and started to Eufaula with him. Again they were induced to desist and allow him to be tried before Magistrate Granville of Enon. Warrants were issued for some of the negroes, but they were not arrested.

It was difficult to make any progress in educational work with

* Union Springs Times, July 17, 1867.

† Times, July 31, 1867.

§ Ibid.

such conditions prevalent, but it is to the credit of the people that they never lost sight of the value of good schools nor ceased to struggle for them.

There was a high school in Midway taught by Craven and Doster, and the reports of the examining committee show that much good work was being done.* The Chunnenuggee Male and Female Academy had a large advertisement in the Times announcing that it would begin its exercises on July 29, and that pupils of all ages and grades of advancement would be carefully instructed and prepared for college.† This school was seven or eight miles east of Union Springs, and was prepared to take care of a limited number of boarding students. Miss Mary E. Threadgill maintained a music school in Union Springs where one could take lessons in the art of playing the piano at rates of three, four or five dollars per month according to advancement.§ The Union Springs Female Seminary announced in the Times of August, 1867 that it would open September 11, 1867 and close on July 8, 1868.¶ The school year was divided by this institution into two terms, fall and spring—the fall term lasting until the last of January and the spring term from then until the close of school, at which time there would be an annual examination. To the regular collegiate English branches would be added Latin, French, drawing, Greek, and astronomy. Tuition fees were as follows:

Collegiate Department	---\$30.00	Water Colors	-----\$ 5.00
Academic Department	---- 25.00	Photographic	
Music (piano)	----- 35.00	(Oils)	----- 20.00
Guitar	----- 30.00	Chromatic	----- 12.00
Vocal Class	----- 5.00	Crayons Black	
Oil Painting	----- 20.00	and Colored	----- 12.00
Embroidery	----- 15.00	Wax Work	----- 12.00

Reverend J. F. Ellison was principal, Mrs. M. S. Kimbrough as-
sociate principal, and Mrs. M. T. Kendrick was music teacher.

There were good schools, that is, according to the standards of the

* Union Springs Times, July 31, 1867.

† Ibid.

§ Ibid.

¶ Times, August 14, 1867.

times, in other part of the county. Perote had a very good school and a large enrollment. E. J. Mcivor advertised that his school in Sardis Church would prepare pupils for entrance to all universities and asked that parents should let him know whether their children would enter college or go into business and intimated that he would train them accordingly.*

Farmers were busy in the spring of 1867. The editor of the Times in traveling over the county noticed that much had been done to improve conditions. Preparations for the new crop were being made in a satisfactory manner. Many cabins had new roofs on them, ditches had been reclaimed, fences had been repaired, much plowing had been done, and some land had been set aside for corn.* He stressed the importance of setting aside land for the purpose of raising corn and lamented the fact that planters would raise no feed and feed crops. A wagon load of corn in the shuck passing through Union Springs in May, 1867, created quite a sensation. "All honor to the man who has not bowed to King Cotton," said the Times. Judge McCall received a hundred sacks of corn from Col. Criukshanks during the latter part of May for the relief of the destitute of the county.†

Those people desiring to trade in Union Springs came from the surrounding territory in buggies and wagons. They had little money and most of the trading was done by the barter method.

In June an excursion train ran from Thomasville to Union Springs in twelve minutes to celebrate the extension of the Mobile and Girard Railroad to Thomasville. Thomasville was about ten miles south of Union Springs and was on the proposed route of the railroad to Troy. The name of that village was changed to Wellboro in honor of Supt., Wells of the new railroad.

There was much talk to the effect that the merchants of Union Springs had too much goods on hand, and a local statistician summarizing the situation came to the conclusion that stocks should be reduced. He said that in the county there were 8,000 full hands engaged in the

* Union Springs Times, November 23, 1867.

* Union Springs Times, March 6, 1867.

† Times, May 29, 1867.

§ Times, June 12, 1867.

business of producing cotton. They could produce on the average 24,000 bales, or twelve million pounds annually and at ten cents per pound this would amount to \$1,200,000. Of the producing force six thousand were negroes and he estimated that they would earn about fifty dollars each. The merchants would have ninety per cent of this \$300,000 by the middle of January. The two thousand white producers would earn on the average three hundred dollars each—a total of \$600,000 which the whites would spend in the county. This would leave a balance of \$300,000 to be applied on the debts of the previous year. The mercantile investment in goods was approximately \$450,000. The economist advocated a reduction in stocks, a reduction in credit, and extensive advertising. Then all would be better. His conclusion was that cash customers were tired of paying a bonus of twenty per cent to allow credit customers to run.*

100 casks bacon	100 boxes ass't candy
40 hogsheads sugar	75 boxes soda
75 sack coffee	250 doz., cans oysters
75 bbls. molasses	1000 reams wrapping paper
100 bbls. whiskey (all grades)	20 bbls. lard oil
20 bbls. acme whiskey	100 boxes tobacco
20 bbls. brandy	76 bbls. mackerel
1000 sacks Liverpool	100 kegs powder
1000 bbls. flour	1000 bags shot
300 bbls. flour	300 kegs nails

The stocks of goods certainly seem pretentious for merchants in a town of scarcely more than a thousand inhabitants, especially so when one remembers that many families were having biscuits only once a week. Some families were using spinning wheel, card, and loom and producing by hand both cotton and woolen cloth. A yard of woolen cloth, closely woven, was considered a fairly good turn out for a day. Shoes were also made at home by some of the people.* Often times when crops were "laid by" some people formed parties to go to the Gulf of Mexico for the purpose of boiling the water to secure salt. The agricultural family in parts of the country was in process of becoming self sufficing to a large extent.

* Union Springs Times, October 19, 1867. The following stock of goods was advertised in the Times of October 19, 1867.

* Related to author by Mr. Hamp Cope, Union Springs, Alabama.

* Fleming, Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama, p. 566.

Meanwhile the Union League was increasing in size and strength and evidences of its work became more obvious and threatening. Near Perote a council of the League was organized under the direction of an emissary and it proceeded to take over the government of the community, and later, as will be seen, made an attempt to take over the government of the county.* Something similar to a constitution was adopted and it contained among other things a list of crimes and the punishments thereof. A court with various and sundry officials was established and all negroes who opposed the League were likely to be visited at night and arrested.

This movement had been under way for some time when a somewhat humorous incident caused the whites to take a hand in putting down the embryonic revolution. A negro woman possessed of the curiosity usually attributed to her sex determined to find out what was going on in those mysterious meetings which her husband so faithfully attended and which lasted far into the night. Her plan was to disguise herself as a man by putting on some clothes belonging to her husband, sit in on one of the meetings, and then hasten home to prevent detection. By some means she evaded sentries and attended the meeting, but did not get home before her husband. He saw at once that the sacred ritual and law of the league had been violated and reported the crime to the officials. She was duly tried and sentenced to be hanged. A committee was appointed to carry out the sentence, and they had arranged for the execution when the husband became alarmed at the prospects of losing his connubial mate and reported the matter to the military authorities stationed in the vicinity. The military officer turned the matter over to the civil authorities and Deputy Sheriff Whiker went from Union Springs to arrest the ring leaders, but as he met with determined resistance from the negroes the deputy appealed to the sheriff for more forces. A posse was assembled and on horses they hastened toward Perote only to find that citizens of that community had taken charge of the affair and had already arrested twelve of the leaders. Many negroes escaped arrest by taking to the swamp and things were quieted for the time being—as the Times put it, “All quiet along the Conecuh.”*

* Union Springs Times, December 21, 1867.

But all was not so quiet as it was hoped. The Leaguers did not relish the idea of having their sheriff and his deputy arrested by the white officers, so they organized for resistance. They flocked into Union Springs threatening to exterminate the whites and take possession of the county. Agents of the League visited plantations along the way and forced colored laborers to join them by displaying bogus orders from General Swayne giving them authority to kill all white persons who resisted them. The military authorities could hardly ignore the situation any longer, so Swayne sent out a detachment of Federal troops who arrested fifteen of the ring leaders. Thus the Perote government collapsed without causing damage or loss of life, but the whites trembled at the thought of what might have happened and they understood clearly that they would have to organize themselves for the purpose of self preservation.

With such conditions prevailing in the county it seems somewhat strange that Klu Klux Klan methods were not employed to bring an end to the menace. Probably the white people did not lose hope of enlisting the negro vote upon their side. At any rate, Bullock County was not mentioned in the testimony given during the investigation of the Klan activities in the state, and not a single whipping or other alleged outrage was charged against the county.*

But there was an effort made to maintain the supremacy of the white man and it is to the credit of the people of the county that they were willing to refrain from violence in their attempts to oust radicalism. Just before Christmas a movement to organize the conservative element was begun and a meeting for that purpose was called for December 21 in Union Springs.† The avowed purpose of the meeting was to consider the political dangers from schemes of the Radical Party, to consider the threat to rights and property, and to take measures for self protection. Conservative clubs were formed in every community, but there were complaints to the effect that interest in these meetings should be more general. Even so the whites had begun to awaken from the lethargy which for so long had held them in a state of inactivity, and the year of 1867 ended with the Conservative movement in full swing.

* Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, p. 705.

† Union Springs Times, December 14, 1867.

Chapter III

THE ERA OF RADICALISM

On account of the almost chaotic economic conditions, Bullock County planters and merchants must have felt that the new year promised little in the way of profit and prosperity. They hardly knew what to expect and the uncertainty of the situation was not calculated to encourage initiative and industry. The arrival of a detachment of Federal troops the latter part of January to preserve order during the coming election did little to add to their peace of mind.* The presence of the troops, however, was not made offensive to the people of Union Springs and their occasional appearance on the streets, singly or in small groups, did not suggest military government.

W. H. Black, a white Radical, was candidate for probate judge and "Gen'l" Speed and D. H. Hill, both negroes, were candidates for the state legislature.†

"Let it be proclaimed throughout the land, to the undying glory of Bullock County, that not a single white man in all her borders disgraced his race by voting in this mongrel election." Thus exulted the Times concerning the February election§. One negro at the polls wanted to "jine." He had joined at another place and wanted to join there also. He had evidently imbibed freely of Union League ideas. Speed and a company of his dusky militia were marching up Prairie Street, the main street of Union Springs, with guns, fifes and drums when they met Major Atwood, the Federal Officer, who commanded them to deliver up their guns and disband. They made haste to do so and the "Gen'l" was crestfallen at "having his laurels blasted in the presence of his deluded followers."*

Supt. Wells, of the Mobile and Girard Railroad, offered to give free tickets to all negroes who would tell him how they had voted, but not one of several hundred obtained a free ride on those simple terms. They were not the carefree, laughing negroes of other days who had

* Union Springs Times, February 1, 1868.

† Ibid.

§ Times, February 8, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, February 8, 1868.

worried little and danced much, but were now a troubled and puzzled lot. "They were led like dumb brutes to the polls and given a slip of paper not knowing what was thereon."† Shivering and grumblin they stood about on the streets in the wintry weather ready to obey the edicts of the League.

Although they refused to take part in local politics where the odds were so much against them the whites in April elected delegates to the State Convention for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Democratic convention which was to meet in July at New York.

During the criminal court term in May the case against W. G. Andrews was continued as Keffer failed to appear as witness against him. The case was finally dropped because of Keffer's failure to appear. Apparently he had no desire to take another chance with the "Union Springs rebels." Anyway he had accomplished his purpose there and had irons in other fires which needed constant tending.*

A local photographer, A. B. Fontaine, made a portrait of D. H. Hill, negro representative elect from Bullock County and suggested that these pictures be distributed throughout the North. He advertised that he was ready to fill all orders for portraits of the colored man and the Times ironically remarked, "Don't allow the sweet fragrance of this Radical blossom to be wasted on the desert air."

Benjamin F. Royal, head of the Union League in the county, was elected to the upper house of the legislature and served in that capacity for nine years. For a time he was the only "gentleman of color" in the Senate. "Shades of E. C. Bullock!—how is your honored seat filled today."§

In July of 1868 William H. Black, probate judge elect, ousted Judge McCall and took over the office. Democrats considered this an outrage and said so in no uncertain terms. They claimed that his election was illegal and gave the following reasons: Black had been a judge

† Ibid.

§ Times, April 4, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, May 9, 1868.

† Times, July 4, 1868.

§ Times, July 18, 1868.

in the election which put him in office; he had been elected under the Reconstruction Acts; a full ticket for county officers had not been run in the county; not a white man voted in the election; he represented not a single intelligent man in the county and not a thousand dollars worth of its property; he would be beaten in a fair election; his bondsmen could not get credit for a plug of tobacco; and he could not be punished for mishandling the business of the county. Thus the Times denounced him and stormed at him, but he held the office. Strangely enough, it was not long before the editor of the paper admitted that Black was a competent official—but added that it was war to the knife between them as long as he was a Radical in office.*

A Radical, Thomas Ramsey, was appointed sheriff—"a jolly, rollicking fellow without conscience who is a horse trader and knows not to tell the truth if a lie will make ten dollars." Also he was a Peace-Union man during the war and consequently to be shunned by all good Southerners.†

Solomon McCall replaced John R. McGowan in the tax collector's office and John Siler took the place of Thomas H. Mabson as assessor. It seems that nobody knew McCall, nor could they find out where he came from.§

Thus did Bullock County, proud of its traditions and planted aristocracy, fall into the hands of those who were hated and despised; but the people looked forward to a day when these tyrants should be cast out and good Democrats ensconced once more in office.

At the beginning of the new year the Times was reduced in size and this may be taken as an index to the general economic conditions. Negroes were stealing promiscuously and the railroad could not keep planks on sides of cuts and fills to prevent washing. Negroes stole the heavy slabs and used them to build rude shacks near town where they could be close to the center of political activities.*

The Bullock County Medical and Surgical Association was formed

* Union Springs Times, July 25, 1868.

† Times, August 22, 1868.

§ Times, October 3, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, February 1, 1868.

in May, 1868, with Dr. J. M. Foster, President W. S. Mabson, Vice-President; G. C. Bell, Secretary; and C. H. Franklin, Librarian. S. C. Cowan, J. W. Pitts, J. W. Bledsoe and C. F. Fitzpatrick were appointed by the county commissioners as members of a medical board for the purpose of examining druggists and candidates for the practice of medicine.†

A fire company was organized in Union Springs with a membership of about fifty and a fire engine was procured for the town. Fitted out in their red and blue uniforms with black leather belts and hats they "cut quite a figure" as they went through their drills and parades. Negroes were later admitted to the company and did much good work in the saving of property.*

An outrage perpetrated by members of the Federal garrison in May gave that body a very unsavory reputation in the county. Four men in Federal uniforms went to the home of Mr. Joseph L. Moultrie, a planter, at night and informed him that they had been detailed to arrest him. He readily assented and asked to be allowed to get a white neighbor to care for his place in his absence but they would not allow this and when he persisted they threw him down, choking and beating him. Taking his keys they looted drawers and desks and took five hundred dollars which he had on hand to furnish thirty-five negro tenants. They threatened to burn him alive unless he would promise not to report the robbery. Besides the money, a watch and a revolver were taken. When he escaped Mr. Moultrie came to Union Springs and reported the outrage to the commanding officer who gave four citizens the authority to seek out the culprits. This committee failed to find the culprits, but a few weeks later they were arrested at headquarters in Eufaula. One of them, Worden, testified against the others because refused to divide the spoils with him. Shelton, another soldier, confessed the crime and investigation revealed that he had been in the penitentiary before enlistment and was a desperate character. This incident with other practices such as stealing dogs and canvassing for negro votes at elections made the Federal soldiers objects of hatred in Bullock County.

† Times, May 9, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, May 6, 1868.

Sanitation and morals were neglected by the negroes, huddled together in poorly ventilated and cramped rooms around Union Springs, and the mortality rate increased rapidly, especially among the children. Little attention was given them when they became sick, and the traditional mother's instinct seems to have weakened under the new conditions. Two negro men applied for marriage licenses in Judge Black's court and it was learned that they had planned to swap wives—a feast having been announced to celebrate the occasion. These plans fell through, however, when they were refused licenses, and the would be wife swappers probably felt that a Radical judge who would spoil their fun in such a manner was no better than a Democratic one.* The people of the county seat were indignant when a soldier from the "Yankee garrison" followed a negro servant girl into the home of her mistress where she was taking some clothes.† Negroes became increasingly noisy in their religious meetings, which consisted of wild orgies of shouting, wild harrangues by illiterate preachers, and general disorder accompanied by much petty thieving.

In spite of the disorder and excitement social activities among the whites continued in the form of 'possum suppers, barbecues, parties, bird hunting, and baseball. Baseball clubs were organized in the county and young men travelled on horses or by train to test their skill with teams of neighboring towns and villages. The scores of those games were sometimes ridiculously large—but that was characteristic of the game in those days. Many fine bird dogs were kept and expert hunters shot quail over them.

Sixty-three marriage licenses were issued in 1868. This would indicate that romance was still alive in the land, though the chronic depression of the time must have discouraged young men from assuming added responsibility.*

In February, 1869, Col. C. J. L. Cunningham, Supt. of Free Public Schools in the county, met with the board of education to formulate plans to arrange a system of free public schools. One of their resolutions was as follows: "Resolved: That it is in the sense of this committee, and so far from being derogatory to the character of our white

† Times, October 21, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, July 25, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, January 27, 1869.

people to engaged in teaching colored schools, it is highly commendable and praiseworthy. That the duty of our good white men and women to teach and foster such schools, and in every way labor for the good and best interests of these people, seems to us apparent and pressing. It is hoped that teachers can be employed from our midst, sufficient in number to meet all demands. Schools will be establishel in the township as early as circumstances will allow." The fact that white people were willing to teach colored children shows that they had not become embittered against the negroes and that they did not hold them responsible for the turn which political affairs had taken. A colored school was opened at Bethel in May, 1869, and later in other parts of the country with tuition. Mr. H. H. Smith, a white citizen, taught a school of sixty colored students in Union Springs. There were 8,947 children of school age in the county and an appropriation of \$10,265.88, a little more than a dollar per student.*

Taxes were levied upon property and privileges heretofore untouched as sources of revenue. In Union Springs a tax of one-sixth of one per cent was levied against real estate and the same tax on all merchandise sold within the city limits. Doctors, lawyers, and dentists were required to pay an income tax of one dollar on every one hundred dollars income above \$500. Each male resident was assessed two dollars and fifty cents. The total value of real estate for taxation purposes at that time in the county was \$2,445,000 and the value of personal property was \$644,225—a total of \$3,090,025. Many people were unable to pay their taxes and some issues of the Times were given over largely to advertisements of lands to be sold for taxes.* In March, 1870, seventy thousand acres of land were advertised for sale because of unpaid taxes. This land was divided into forty acre lots and sold in such parcels.† Many of the land owners were not natives of the county. Their inability to pay taxes on the land probably caused many to leave it.

That some men of the county were turning their attention to utilitarian matters during the Reconstruction Period is shown by the inventions along economic and medical lines. Mr. M. L. Stinson, in the spring of

* Union Springs Times, March 3, 1869, April 28, 1869 and June 16, 1869.

* Union Springs Times, March 29, 1868.

† Times, February 2, 1870.

1868, invented a double plow which would plow two furrows at a time, thus doing double work. He claimed that it would do better work than the old style single plow and that one mule could pull it.§ Dr. Hogan, of Union Springs, invented a new style forceps which could be operated by a sliding band and trigger attachment. Several of these were made for physicians in the county.* A Mr. McKinnon invented a kerosene lamp which he claimed would not explode,† and Col. John W. Howard invented an apparatus with which a cotton gin could be made to feed itself.§

For the purpose of organization and the discussion of their problems the cotton planters met at Chunnenugee in September, 1868. They wanted a better price for their cotton and came to the following conclusions: The planters must organize themselves and work together at all times; they must avoid forcing cotton on a declining market; and they must provide storage for cotton which was to be held off the market. Here was fertile soil for the Grange movement which was soon to appear in the county.¶ The Bullock County Agricultural Society was organized in March, 1869, with Mr. J. L. Moultrie, President; Col. R. H. Powell, Capt. W. J. Lee, and D. L. Sessions, Vice-Presidents; G. W. Atkinson, Secretary; and G. W. Baskin, Treasurer.**

Because of the economic depression many people found it necessary to depend upon their own efforts for many articles which were usually bought at the store. The Times complimented Mrs. Simon Stinson, a woman sixty-five years old, for spinning fourteen cuts of thread in one day and on another day weaving eight yards of plain cotton cloth.* Mr. James Rogers of Hardaway advertised 2,000 gallons of grape wine for sale and this beverage was recommended for "invalids, females and children." Men of course, could not be expected to drink so mild a liquor.†

§ Times, May 28, 1868.

* Union Springs Times, July 4, 1868.

† Union Springs Herald and Times, January 6, 1876.

§ Union Springs Times, April 13, 1870.

¶ Times, September 19, 1868.

** Times, March 24, 1879.

* Union Springs Times, October 21, 1868.

† Times, November 4, 1868.

Union Springs voted to subscribe twenty five thousand dollars to the Montgomery and Eufaula Railroad which had been planned during the war. The right of way had been prepared during the period of hostilities, but no track was laid at the time.[§] This road was badly needed by the people of Bullock County, for during the rainy season they were almost out of touch with Montgomery. In the fall of 1870 the track had been laid to a point six miles from Union Springs and passengers and mail were carried in a "beautiful coach and six" to and from that point. The Southern Express Company opened an office in Union Springs in April, 1870. A few months later the track was completed to Union Springs and farmers rejoiced because the Mobile and Girard Railroad could no longer discriminate against them in the matter of freight rates. That road had been charging the same fare and freight from Troy to Union Springs as from the latter to Columbus, and a bale of cotton could be shipped from Troy to Columbus as cheaply as to Union Springs.* Another grievance against the older railroad was that they would not accept state currency for freight or passage. Planters also complained that the railroad was hiring negroes from their farms, thus making themselves a party to breach of contract and reducing the agricultural labor supply.

In May, 1870, the editor of the Times was complaining at the lack of news. All was peaceful and quiet and "fisticuffs and drunken sprees" were becoming almost rare. This was due to the lull in political activities and the negroes were giving their attention to the cultivation of the cotton fields. But the whites were beginning to have an aversion for the negroes, as was shown by an incident which occurred the last of August. A band of excursionists came from Montgomery over the new railroad which had been just completed and a sizeable delegation of Union Springs was waiting at the station to meet them. A local brass band composed of young white men was on hand to furnish music in honor of the visitors, but when they saw that the band from Montgomery was composed of negroes, they disbanded in chagrin and disgust. They did not fancy the idea of playing "Dixie" to welcome a band of "niggers" with whom they had come to associate all social

§ Moore, Albert Burton, *History of Alabama and Her People*, p. 551.

* Union Springs Times, April 13, 1870, March 9, 1870, and August 31, 1870.

* Union Springs Times, August 31, 1870.

political and economic troubles. When this visit was repaid to Montgomery there were two long train loads of people, one for the whites and one for the "opposite color."*

But the lull in political agitation during the spring of 1869 was of short duration. In the presidential election of the previous fall the county had gone for Grant by a majority of 469 votes.† In June there was a change in the anti-Radical policy, for all voters were invited to participate in the nomination of candidates to represent the county in the general assembly—evidently another bid for the negro vote. But the events which followed upon the heels of this movement put an end to any such feelings or hopes.

In the early part of August there was a kind of Radical rally at the county seat and much speech making concerning the candidacy of Buckley for congress. Buckley made a "fairly modest speech" and was followed on the program by Keffer who discussed civil equality. Turner, a negro, gave some good advice to members of his race and the notorious Speed closed the meeting with a speech in which he displayed his usual vanity, impudence and ignorance. The Democratic Convention a few weeks later was just a series of private discussions and D. A. McCall was asked to be a candidate for the legislature upon condition that he pledge himself to vote for the Fifteenth Amendment.*

Lawrence Speed, legislator from Bullock County, was tried for murder in January, 1870, in Montgomery, but Justice Nettles discharged him on the grounds that "the girl Susan's testimony did not agree with that of the other witnesses."† Shortly afterwards there was an indignation meeting in Union Springs in which many resolves were made against the Radicals.

On July 9, eight hundred negroes led by Slade, a negro school teacher, held a Republican convention in Conecuh Swamp near the county seat. They had first assembled at Old Zion Church, but this had seemed too public for them, and so they had gone to the woods where they could, without being disturbed, organize themselves to

† Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, see map on page 747.

* Union Springs Times, July 21, 1860.

† Times, January 12, 1870.

support the Republicans in the Selma convention in August. A motion was made and carried to establish a Union Republican Loyal League and the following Saturday was selected as the time for meeting to frame a constitution and perfect the organization. Two weeks later the Democrats held a convention at the courthouse, which at that time was in process of construction, and appointed delegates to the Democratic and Conservative Convention to be held in Montgomery the first of September. They recommended Capt. I. A. Wilson as a suitable gentleman to administer the Educational Bureau of the state.*

Col. R. H. Powell was mentioned by the Times for Lieutenant Governor and the Montgomery Mail replied that it was the first sensible suggestion which had appeared in the Times for ages.†

The Radical nominees for the legislature were as follows: Judge McCall, white; Lawrence Speed, colored; and Jack Dawson, colored. But things were not moving smoothly within the ranks of the Radicals and they were threatened with a serious mutiny. The Times of November 2, 1870, carried the following caption concerning a meeting of the Radicals in Union Springs:§

A RADICAL POW-WOW—BLACKS AND TANS IN COUNCIL—THE ODOR POWERFUL—INSUBORDINATION IN RANKS—WHITES URGE UNITY OF ACTION—DAWSON THREATENS TO BOLT TICKET—REVOLVERS AS ARGUMENTS.

The explanation was that Drake's name had been substituted for Dawson's on the ticket against Dawson's will and consequently he was an angry colored man. In a meeting at the house of Nick Frazer, a colored cobbler, about sixty negroes and half a dozen whites were assembled for the purpose of settling the matter. Senator Ben Royal, Representative Speed, and the burly Jack Dawson were the main speakers. Royal took the chair without the formality of a vote. A secretary was elected, but according to a reporter who was present, there were no writing materials visible. As the night was warm and the odor powerful, the reporter withdrew from the house and viewed the proceedings

* Union Springs Times, June 13, 1870 and August 3, 1870.

† Times, August 17, 1870.

§ Times, November 2, 1870.

through a window. Dawson first obtained the floor and flayed Speed and Royal with all his might. He accused Speed of having been found in a chimney under suspicious circumstances and also of refusing to pay him the money he had promised him (Dawson) for canvassing the county in his interest. Royal arose to defend himself, but Jack would not desist until the senator drew a revolver on him. Royal avowed that Dawson had sold a mule to him and had guaranteed the animal to be perfectly sound and that the mule had died within a week. No money was forthcoming from Dawson it seemed, but something else was forthcoming and that right soon. Dawson jumped up with a pistol in his hand, called Royal a liar, and launched epithets galore at Royal and all who had been concerned with the substitution of Drake's name for his own. When the meeting adjourned half the crowd went with Dawson and half with Speed, and the speech making continued in separate camps far into the night. Dawson declared that he would bolt the Radical ticket and carry half the negro voters into the Democratic camp.*

The Radicals were badly divided with Dawson, Hill and McSween running on an independent ticket and there was much excited discussion among the negroes as to the relative merits of Dawson and Drake. Radicals, frightened at the turn which affairs had taken, told the negroes that if the Democrats won the election they would be put back in slavery—a forcible argument as the returns showed. The Republicans won nearly two to one.† It must have seemed strange for such names as Drake and McCall to appear on a Republican ticket, but it was the only chance for them to get back into the political arena and they could do little to oust Radicalism so long as they remained outside.

Taking their cue from the Republican propaganda concerning the return of the negroes to slavery, the Democrats circulated the report that slavery was actually back again and that every white man who voted the Democratic ticket would get one slave and every colored Democratic voter, two slaves. One negro servant who was absent from his usual job explained his absence by saying that he went out to pick out a couple of "good niggers" before they were picked over. Although Bullock County went Republican, there was much firing of anvils, playing of bands and other forms of celebration over the Democratic

* Union Springs Times, November 2, 1870.

† Times, November 16, 1870. Also see Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, the map on page 750.

victory in the state. The representatives elected were D. A. McCall, G. M. Drake and Lawrence Speed, only the latter being colored. Democrats felt that they were making some progress toward regaining their political power in the county.

In January of 1871 Major J. W. L. Daniels of Midway was appointed by Governor Lindsay as a director of the Montgomery and Eufaula Railroad. He had been of valuable service to the road in the solicitation of subscriptions and otherwise.* In the election for County Superintendent of Education, in March, C. J. L. Cunningham received more votes than his opponents combined. The other candidates were F. C. Hall, D. M. Banks and D. B. Cottrell.†

Negroes were beginning to appear in jury boxes in the county— the first one sitting on a jury during the fall term of Circuit Court, 1870. During the term not a single colored offender would allow the negro to sit on his case. In the spring of 1871 there were blacks on every jury except one, but they were usually in the minority. In a case against a white man charged with assault and battery against a negro woman, there were four negroes on the jury, but he was acquitted. The negroes made no objection to him because of "race, color or previous conditions."*

In the county elections of November, James G. Cowan won the race for sheriff over two negro candidates. Other officers elected at the same time were Solomon McCall, Tax Collector; Henry C. Hooton, Assessor; Jesse Locke, Treasurer; J. W. Harp, Coroner; P. B. Baldwin, Lewis Christian, Malachi Ivey and Thomas Pullam, Commissioner.†

During 1872 it became evident that "Speed, Royal and Company" were losing their hold on the Republicans of the county and there were several meetings of the dissatisfied Radicals held in Union Springs during the fall. Democrats were delighted at this and organized Greely and Brown clubs with enthusiasm. In the November election the Republicans were successful once more, but everything moved along

* Union Springs Herald and Times, January 11, 1871.

† Herald and Times, March 8, 1871.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, May 17, 1871.

† Herald and Times, November 15, 1872.

§ Fleming, Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama, see map on page 755.

smoothly with no quarrels or disturbances.§ Democrats saw the political wheel beginning to turn once more in their favor and quietly bided their time without demonstration, but watched the game intently.

Judge D. A. McCall of the Criminal Court died in December and in January, 1873, Governor Lewis appointed C. J. L. Cunningham to take his place. Harry G. McCall was appointed to fill Cunningham's office.¶

In November there was a belligerent demonstration in Union Springs due to the war scare with Spain over Cuban insurrections, but the only result seems to have been a slight increase in marriages. Young swains used this as a good talking point to the ladies of their choice and in some cases it proved effective.* It was left for their sons to fight the Spaniards at a later time.

In February of the following year the friends of Rev. M. N. Eley announced him as candidate for Probate Judge and this was evidence that the Democrats thought that the time was ripe for the overthrow of Radicalism in the county.†

Meanwhile the farmers were having economic troubles which were exasperating, though they did not get as much publicity as did political troubles. Much farm produce was being stolen by negroes at night and D. A. McCall had introduced a bill in the legislature providing that no farm produce should be bought, bartered, exchanged or delivered except between sunrise and sunset.§ This was calculated to prevent the stealing of produce and selling it at night to the operators of "deadfalls."

The cornerstone of the new courthouse was laid in August and as work was proceeding rapidly upon it, the structure would soon be ready for occupancy. Building materials were in greater demand than ever before in the county.*

¶ Herald and Times, January 8, 1873.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, November 26, 1873.

† Herald and Times, February 18, 1874.

§ Herald and Times, January 25, 1871.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, June 7, 1871.

There was much complaint that King Cotton was threatening to become tyrannical as Radicalism in the affairs of the county. In a report made by Wm. M. Stakely, Sr., it was shown that from the first of January to July 17, 1872, there had been received in Union Springs 250 cars of corn and 487 casks of bacon 70,000 bushels of corn and 500,000 pounds of bacon. This amounted to \$115,000—\$70,000 for corn and \$45,000 for bacon. Mr. Stakely claimed that this money should have been kept in the county instead of having been sent to the West. He pointed out that three-fourths of this corn and bacon had been sold to farmers on credit and that as credit prices were fifty per cent higher than cash prices, it had placed a burden of \$140,000 on the farmers in the form of mortgages on real estate and liens on livestock and crops.†

Added to this trouble was the cotton caterpillar which almost ruined the cotton crop in 1872. "It would be extravagant," said the Herald and Times, "to calculate upon half a crop."§ The planters were advised to hold their crops and get a good price later in the season. Thus it seemed that Radicalism, mortgages, crop liens and caterpillars had combined to ruin Bullock County.

† Herald and Times, July 17, 1872.

§ Herald and Times, September 4, 1872.

Chapter XV

THE TRIUMPH OF WHITE DEMOCRACY

The two year period following the disruption in the Radical ranks was characterised by an effort on the part to restore harmony and to keep the county in the Republican Camp. In June of 1876 Rev. Charles Smith, a colored speaker, made a very dignified speech at the court house and the white people realized that a new type of negro politician was arising—a type that would gain much prestige by the use of chaste language against the fanatical style employed by such men as Lawrence Speed.*

In July both Democrats and Republicans held council meetings at the county seat and the number of negroes at the Republican meeting was about five hundred, a decided reduction in attendance. This, of course, looked bad for the cause of Radicalism. The Democrats in their convention showed great enthusiasm and expressed the view that the whites were more intelligent and capable than the blacks and should therefore be the custodians of the government. This was no new sentiment, but the whites had not been so outspoken before this time. There was some talk of a race war and the hotspurs advocated the organization of military units for the purpose of regaining control of the government, but wiser counsel prevailed and this movement was squelched.*

The lack of enthusiasm, or rather the diminishing enthusiasm among the freedmen, had several results, one of which was the arrival in Union Springs of five thousand pounds of bacon and a supply of corn meal for distribution among the sufferers from the "overflow of the Alabama River." Chunneunggee Ridge, upon which Union Springs is situated, is four hundred feet above the Alabama River and nearly fifty miles from it, so the editor of the county paper made much of the absurdity of the situation. Never-the-less many negroes availed themselves of the opportunity to secure the supplies. The form they had to fill out was as follows: "I hereby certify that I live on overflowed lands.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, June 3, 1874.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, July 8, 1874; July 15, 1874; July 22, 1874; September 9, 1874.

I am in a destitute condition. I live on _____'s place located in _____beat, Bullock County. I have a family of _____ persons." The editor waxed sarcastic at this subterfuge and chicanery and remarked that United States Marshall Healey could prove Grant and his Cabinet a Klu Kluz Klan. People of the county looked upon it as simply an attempt to purchase colored votes, but the recipients of the food worried not over the meaning or significance of the gift.†

Both parties had full tickets for county officials and much interest was taken in the campaign. Negroes formed "whipping clubs" purporting to be for the purpose of discouraging members of their race from stealing, but as only Democrats were whipped it was looked upon as an attempt to force the negroes to vote the Republican ticket.*

Twelve deputy marshalls were stationed in the county a few days before the election and the three in Union Springs were candidates on the Republican ticket—Tanner for justice of peace, Youngblood for sheriff, and Mabson for clerk of court. They had full power to make arrests and could thus intimidate voters if it suited their purpose.† A crowd of three hundred negroes at Midway listened for three hours to a Radical candidate, but stampeded when a colored Democrat tried to address them.§ But the election passed off quietly with only six arrests at Union Springs and those for minor offenses.

The Republicans won by a majority of 1,647 votes which was a reduction of 229 votes from the election of 1872, and the Democrats gained 397 votes over the 1872 election. Though defeated in the county election, the Democrats illuminated Union Springs with a torch light procession a quarter of a mile long in celebration of the state victory. Fireworks and speeches added noise to the occasion. Midway boasted that there was not a single white Radical in that beat.*

A few days later there was an attempt made to kill some of the "d_____ Democrats." A negro preacher evidently under the influence of

† Herald and Times, September 30, 1874.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, October 7, 1874.

† Ibid.

§ Herald and Times, October 28, 1874.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, November 11, 1874, see also Fleming, Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama, map on page 795.

Radical propaganda placed an obstruction on the Mobile and Girard Railroad track near Union Springs and wrecked a passenger train. Although much damage was done, there were no lives lost and the only casualty was the fireman who was slightly injured.†

† Herald and Times, November 18, 1874.

The Radical attitude toward the soliciting of negro votes by white Democrats was expressed by the editor of a local paper as follows: "If a white man threatens to fire a negro for voting the Republican ticket it is a crime. If he gives a Democratic negro a job there is a howl."§ It was reported that negro preachers lost their jobs for canvassing the county for the Democrats and that negroes were expelled from churches for supporting the Democratic candidates at the polls. Some were beaten and threatened, and negro women stood around the polls to hoot and jeer at negroes who voted the Democratic ticket.¶

Judge Black was severely criticized for making the bond of county officials too low and allowing ignorant negroes to sign bonds. The white people lost no opportunity to make fun of negro officers. Major Strum, a negro constable, was sent on a wild chase after a desperate criminal by a group of "jokesters" who told him that there was such a character in town. Unsuspectingly, the negro searched for him in a circumspect manner and the criminal turned out to be a peaceful hound dog.

On Monday night, January 4, 1875, the negroes met at the court house to agree on a ticket for municipal officers. In the ensuing fracas one negro bit through the underlip of another and one bit a plug from the cheek of an adversary.*

In July of 1875, Col. R. H. Powell and Dr. G. W. Delbridge were selected as Republican delegates to the convention which was to revise and amend the state constitution. It seems strange that so ardent a Democrat as Col. Powell would go over to the Republicans at a time when victory was just ahead for his party. He was at that time editor of the Union Springs Ledger and President of the Alabama Press Association. He was also a member of the Democratic and Conservative State

§ Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, January 13, 1875.

Executive Committee. On account of these things he was much more severely condemned than Delbridge who had been and still was an avowed Radical. Many regarded him as a traitor to the cause of the Democratic and Conservative Party and the Herald and Times denounced him bitterly.*

As shown by the results of the election the Democratic Party was not split by Powell's desertion for the vote was 1,400 for the convention and 2,720 against it, which was the normal vote. Powell and Delbridge won over H. C. Tompkins and R. D. Thornton by about that same vote.† In the November election there were 1,351 votes for the constitution and 1,282 against it. This was the first time since the war that Bullock County had voted Democratic.§

In May, 1876, the Republicans elected W. H. Black, H. G. McCall, Lawrence Speed, Benjamin Royal, A. A. Mabson and William Pickett as delegates to their convention which was to be held on the 24th of that month.¶

In the Democratic and Conservative Executive Committee meeting, on July 3, George D. Rodgers of Perote was nominated for the House of Representatives in place of Col. B. J. Baldwin who had refused the nomination.** It was reported that in the Republican County Convention resolutions had been made that Republicans would emigrate to the West if the Democrats carried the county in the approaching elections. The mulatto Speed managed to get a crowd of negroes together one night on the Peebles place near Union Springs and he made them a "rip-roaring" speech, the burden of which was that Speed ought to be put "back in power."

"The 7th day of August, 1876, will be remembered in the history of Bullock County as the day of redemption from Radicalism." Thus declaimed the Herald and Times when it was found that the Democrats had won the August election by a majority of 2,319 votes. The Republican vote stood at 600. A full ticket was nominated by the Demo-

* Union Springs Herald and Times, July 28, 1875.

† Herald and Times, August 4, 1875.

§ Herald and Times, November 17, 1875.

¶ Herald and Times, May 18, 1876.

** Herald and Times, July 13, 1876.

crats, Col. I. A. Wilson for the Senate, and Dr. Groves Caldwell and George D. Rodgers for the lower House. Benjamin Royal, the colored senator, who had represented Bullock County in Montgomery ever since its formation, led the Republican ticket with Delbridge and Speed as running mates.*

In the November election Bullock County went Democratic by a majority of 385 votes and the Herald and Times exclaimed, "Don't choke it back any longer—Holler, Boys, for Tilden and Hendricks: They are certainly elected.†

Republican leaders were suspicious of the circumstances by which Bullock County, accustomed to voting two to one in their favor, had gone into the Democratic column by so favorable a majority. A United States Senate Investigating Committee interviewed William Youngblood, former Radical sheriff of the county, in the spring of 1877.* He testified that the Democrats defrauded the Republicans by various and sundry methods. At High Log they held the polls in a vacant storehouse and boarded up the windows leaving only small hole through which the voter handed his ballot. No one could see what became of it. One Archy Hill bought negro votes with watermelons. The Fitzpatrick box was not opened for there were too many Republicans there. Youngblood said that the white Democrats had no conscience against destroying negro votes and that they thought such votes should not count. He also said that in some mysterious way Republican majorities were converted into Democratic majorities. At Farriorville there was a colored manager, but the whites put him into a corner with a tally sheet where he could not see what was going on. The Democrats won at this box by a large majority and had been winning there by only three or four votes. At Union Church Republican names were scratched off, Democratic names inserted, and the negroes were made to vote the altered ballots. Democratic tickets were printed to look exactly like the Republican tickets, except, of course, the names which many negroes could not read, so many colored voters cast Democratic ballots unwittingly. Youngblood declared further that the Democrats were no stronger than they were in 1874, but that they had charge of the polls in 1876 and this made the

† Union Springs Herald and Times, November 9, and 16, 1876. Fleming, Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama, map on page 796.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, April 18, 1877.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, August 10, 1876.

difference. He said that there were no convictions for fraud because the grand jury had four negro Republicans and fourteen white Democrats on it.

Much of the testimony was vigorously denied, both by whites and blacks. Levi Ford, a negro of Indian Creek, became involved in a controversy by saying that Youngblood had lied concerning his vote. Ford claimed that many negroes voted the Democratic ticket of their own accord. Judge Black became involved in the controversy and there was much writing in the county paper and some violence or threatened violence to Ford. As Ford was in the public eye at the time both sides induced him to sign letters which were published for the purpose of damaging the cause of their opponents.*

Whether or not Youngblood's testimony was altogether true, it is certain that the Democrats resorted to various tricks to win elections in the county. One good Democrat tells this story:† At Ridgely the officers of the election, who were white Democrats, pretended to get into a dispute over certain points of ballot casting and in the ensuing fight succeeded in destroying the ballot boxes. A large body of negroes who had come there to vote, and having been deprived of the opportunity by sham battle, marched in a body to Aberfoil which was a few miles away. The officers at Aberfoil saw them coming and tried to prepare for the emergency, but in spite of all they could do many Republican ballots got into the boxes. However, the returning officer managed to lose the box as he was fording a small creek which was somewhat swollen by a heavy rain and a Republican majority was inundated and lost in the muddy water.

Others told of the trick of palming the votes and appearing to put in a Republican ballot while really depositing a Democratic one.* These and other tricks were resorted to and old men still laugh at the way they overcame Radicalism in the county. They did not consider it wrong to do this and were only fighting fire with fire, as they said.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, May 2, 1877.

† Story told to W. E. McMair by J. A. Beverly who was an election officer at Aberfoil. The former related the story to the author.

* Mr. Wingate Pickett of Union Springs mentioned a Mr. Harp of Perote as being an expert at this trick.

Although the "Democratic" grand jury would return no true bills against election officers, twelve citizens of the county were arrested by Youngblood and carried to Montgomery to be tried before the Federal Court. Among these men were Moses Britt, J. R. W. Pickett, J. T. Broadway, G. F. Pope, Z. F. Culver, J. W. Stevenson, a Mr. Martin from Midway, and a Mr. Outlaw and two others from Farriorville.†

† Union Spring Herald and Times, May 30, 1877.

They were released and Youngblood in a letter to the Herald and Times denied having anything to do with the arrests.*

Radical Judge Black resigned in May 1877, and the governor appointed Col. R. D. Thornton to take his place. With this resignation and appointment the Democrats felt that they had at last regained control of the government of Bullock County.†

Although the white people were probably not as successful in overcoming social and economic obstacles as they were in dealing with political problems, much progress was made during the latter part of the Reconstruction Period. Though cotton caterpillars could not be counted out like Republican ballots and the price of cotton could not be manipulated like election returns, there was much done for agriculture and educational causes.

In January of 1872 the State Board of Education had provided for a Normal School at Midway and had appropriated a thousand dollars for its establishment and maintenance. It was established for the purpose of training white teachers and was opened Monday, January 15, 1872, with twenty students under the tutelage of Professor C. B. LaHatte. A person graduating from this school was under obligation to teach at least two years. This provision was calculated to relieve to some extent the shortage of teachers.

Apparently there was much need of teachers in Bullock County. The editor of the county paper deplored the fact that although students could spell every word in a spelling book, they could not write a single

* Union Springs Herald and Times, May 30, 1877.

† Herald and Times, May 9, 1877.

§ Herald and Times. January 1. 1872.

line without gross errors.* That there was a sentiment favorable to the maintaining of a good environment around schools is shown by certain prohibition laws passed at this time.

Though there was little sentiment against the consumption of spiritous liquors at that time the "sale of spiritous, vinous or malt liquors" was prohibited at Perote, Enon, Aberfoil, Liberty Church, and Central Academy. This was for the benefit of schools and churches in those vicinities.† In Union Springs there were four white schools and three negro schools in 1874. The Union Springs Institute which burned the following year had ninety-three pupils in attendance, including twenty-three "boarding students."

The farmers of the county were betset by all the evils which obtain during any disruption of the economic system. The case must have seemed hopeless to many of them. The cotton crop of 1872 had been below normal and the crop of the preceding year had been the shortest "in the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Small wonder it is that the farmers joined enthusiastically in the Grange movement. In August, 1875, Grange No. 19 was organized in Union Springs and charter members were given the advantage of cheaper initiation fees. Men who joined at once had to pay three dollars as an initiation fee and ladies fifty cents, while those who joined later were required to pay five dollars for men and two dollars for ladies. J. R. Rogers was Master of the Grange in Union Springs.*

Soon afterward chapters were organized in other communities in the county and efforts were made to improve the status of the farmers. They passed resolutions to prevent merchants from trafficking in small amounts of goods about which the ownership was questionable. This was intended to solve the problem of petty thieveing among the negroes who had no conscience against stealing a little cotton or corn and selling it to the merchants. There was much talk of diversification in farming and of raising food and feed at home instead of having them shipped from the West and in a few years many farmers were producing enough corn to last them through the following year. Also they began to pro-

* Union Springs Herald and Times, June 21, 1871.

† Herald and Times, August 14, 1872.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, August 20, 1875.

duce molasses, potatoes, oats and wheat. Many people were leaving the county and going to Texas and other Western states and taking laborers with them. The Union Springs Fire Company was almost depleted by the activities of emigration agents who were taking negroes to the west.†

In Perote beat there were under cultivation in 1876 nearly eight thousand acres of land and only twenty nine per cent of it was given to cotton cultivation. Most of the remainder of this land was given to the production of corn, oats, rye, millet, peas, potatoes, wheat, sugar cane, sorghum, rice, peanuts, Irish potatoes and chufas. These crops suggest the raising of hogs and cattle which was part of the Grange program of agriculture.*

Some business houses in Union Springs opposed the Grange Warehouse by offering to buy cotton to keep it from being stored there and in other ways used their influence against the organization. The Grange retaliated by asking members not to trade or buy goods at such places, whether the one opposing the organization was a clerk or the proprietor. This engendered bad feeling and animosity and did much to destroy the usefulness of the organization. Because of the crop lien system of credit there could be no effective boycott against the merchants. The farmer had to buy his goods from the merchant who was furnishing him and his tenants and could not change trading places even though he might desire to do so.†

In the fall of 1876 the Patrons of Husbandry held a county fair in Union Springs at which was displayed many agricultural products, paintings in oil colors, crayon sketches, rustic pictures and other things of similar nature. In the household department there was a display of pickles, preserves, fruits, jellies, cakes, wines, breads, hams, quilts, blankets, counterpanes, fancy needle work, hair work, and other products of home manufacture. There were four breeds of hogs, two breeds of sheep, two breeds of cattle, and many varieties of poultry on display. There were twenty Bullock County raised colts of fine blood

† Herald and Times, March 23, 1876. Emigration agents, plying their vocation in Bullock County were required to pay a license tax of \$100. See Acts of Alabama 1876-7, p. 225.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, July 6, 1876.

† Herald and Times, October 12, 1876.

and form including some racing stock. A tournament in which twenty-six knights contended for prizes and maidenly favors furnished action for the occasion and a baby show added a softening to the exhibitions,* and displays.

The Phenix Cotton Mill was put in operation in February 1877, in Union Springs and began the manufacture of cotton into thread. A stock company had been organized for the purpose of building and operating the mill, but this had failed and W. H. Black, former Probate Judge of the county, determined to begin the enterprise anyway. Col. R. H. Powell made a speech at the formal opening and the Dixie Brass Band furnished music for the occasion. Mr. Black explained that cotton costing ten cents a pound could be made into yarn and sold immediately for twenty two cents a pound and that the eight thousand bales received in Union Springs yearly could be increased in value from \$400,000 to \$600,000 in this manner. As a bale of cotton could be manufactured one day and shipped the next, there would be an immediate turn over in capital. Thus it happened that a man who had been a despised Radical was instrumental in building up an industrial business which became a source of income to the county and furnished jobs for many who might have otherwise emigrated to other sections.*

So ended the period commonly known as Reconstruction in the County of Bullock. There was yet much to be accomplished—many problems that only time, persistence and patience could solve—many wounds and scars still raw and troublesome, but the white people had, by fair means or foul, won the rights and privileges of working out their own salvation in their own way. So with their hands on the plow, they turned not back, but kept their faces toward the visions of a brighter and better day.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, November 26, 1876.

* Union Springs Herald and Times, February 14, 1877.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books—

Acts of Alabama, 1866-67

Acts of Alabama, 1876-77

Fleming, W. L., *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*
Macmillan (1905), Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio,
(1911).

Moore, Albert Burton, *History of Alabama and Her People*. The
American Historical Society, Inc., Chicago and New York (1927).

Ninth Census of the United States (1870).

PERIODICALS—

Most of the source material was taken from the files of the Union Springs *Times* covering the years 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870; and from the files of the Union Springs *Herald and Times* covering the years 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.

The following people contributed opinions, remarks or stories in conversational form:

Mr. B. G. Cope, Union Springs, Alabama.

Mr. T. E. Cope, Inverness, Alabama.

Mrs. A. M. Curry, Union Springs, Alabama.

Mr. B. T. Elvey, Union Springs, Alabama.

Mr. W. E. McNair, Union Springs, Alabama.

Mr. A. A. Moore, Union Springs, Alabama.

Mr. Wingate Pickett, Union Springs, Alabama.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

or

PLANTATION LIFE AS IT WAS

1860-1866

By Mrs. Ella Storrs Christian

Part II

(The first part of this story of conditions in Alabama during the period of 1860-1866, will be found in the preceding Quarterly, Volume 14, Numbers 3-4. M.B.)

pp. 126-168

CHAPTER 7

It seems a merciful dispensation, that in spite of all of our unhappiness, we could feel amusement at little comic trifles, in our daily life. We had an old gander whose mate had died and he wandered disconsolately around the yard where there was an old uncovered well, and it would really seem that he wished to commit suicide, for he was frequently found floating about in the well, and we could only rescue him by dropping a noose around his neck, and pulling him out. This was done so often that when he saw the rope coming down he learned to catch it on his neck. I suppose his courage failed him at the touch of cold water, for he was always delighted to feel solid ground under his feet again, and would march triumphantly off to the corn field, looking so important and comical that we never failed to be amused, though the whole thing was repeated so often.

Your father at last gave orders that the well should be filled which was a work of several days. Just as the last wagon load of earth drove up I went in the garden to gather strawberries. Absurd as it may seem I did not remember that when the last earth was thrown in, the water would overflow. Hearing loud exclamations from your mammy. I started to run to the house thinking something was the matter with the children. But when I reached the garden gate, I found the yard so overflowed that I was a prisoner until the water ran off, which it soon did as the house was built on a hill.

We never realized that we might come into actual contact with the horrors of war, until Stoneman's raid through Mississippi. South Alabama also being threatened, your father insisted that I should take the children to stay with his sister in Montgomery, as we had heard such dreadful accounts of the treatment accorded non-combatants, the raiding of houses and the destruction of valuables. I objected so much to leaving your father that the matter was delayed, and as Stoneman decided on another route I did not have to leave home. The most intense excitement prevailed among the women and children, until it was known that Stoneman was no longer to be dreaded, as our only defense, the Home Guards, consisted of old men, and boys, too young to enlist.

As we were not far from the Mississippi line, a number of stragglers, and deserters from his command came through this section of Alabama, being tempted I suppose by reports of the great wealth of the

Canebrake planters. This was even worse than if Stoneman had come, as they were under no control, and their sole object was plundering. Silver and jewelry, was what they especially wanted to take home with them. Being deserters, it followed as a matter of course that they were of the lowest class, so it was very necessary to conceal our valuables.

There now began to be a feeling of disaffection among some of the negroes (not those we inherited), so as we were afraid they might be tempted, or threatened into telling the raiders where the things were concealed we had to pack our valuables at night, after the servants had left the house, and the children were asleep. You can form no idea of what a job this was. We packed all of my jewelry in a wooden box, put the spoons and forks in glass jars, and wrapped the large heavy pieces in cloth, and tying them altogether, wrapped the bundle in oil cloth. This I now see was a great mistake, as your father was not strong enough to dig as large a hole, as was necessary to properly conceal a bundle of this size. It would have been better to have several small bundles hidden in different places. He first buried it in the shelter of the carriage house, I, watching and listening to see that he was not spied on. But the next morning we found that the place could easily be seen, so while the house servants were at breakfast he dug the bundle up, and brought it to me, and hid it in the big wardrobe until night. Your father then went off alone and buried it, but the next day he thought of a better hiding place, so that night the bundle went traveling again. Just as he finished digging the hole he felt sure he heard the sound of someone breathing, but the night was so intensely dark that he could not see anyone and the bundle came home again. It made several other trips, but for various reasons was always brought back to the house. I positively grew to hate the sight of that bundle, and felt that I would cheerfully give it to the first Yankee who came. As last your father decided to leave it in the house until the Yankees were reported much nearer.

There were constant alarms, and we never felt safe from one hour to the next. Negroes or idle white boys would gallop by, screaming: "the Yankees are coming," which would produce great excitement in the yard, and at the quarters. One evening, I well remember the panic produced by a boy running his horse down the road as fast as he could make it go, shouting, that the Yankees were right behind, and had shot at him. He rode on, and the hands who were working in a field near the road came running to the house, followed by all the negroes from

the quarters to ask me what they must do. I sent the hands to a field at the back of the plantation near a heavy body of woods, telling them if the Yankees came to scatter, and hide in the woods. I then talked to those from the quarters to quiet their fears, and after awhile they returned to their spinning and weaving.

The children were terrified by the excitement, and I had to talk and play with them for some time, then sent them for a walk to the ginhouse, which was some distance from the road. I sat at the window watching the road, sometimes thinking that I could see the Yankees coming, but in the excitement the unburied treasures were forgotten. After some time a negro from a nearby plantation, stopped on his way home, to give me a note from your father, saying, that the news had been received in town, and he thought it possible that the Yankees might be on us by the morning; that he was obliged to attend a citizens meeting and could not get home before supper time, and that I had best hide "the bundle," in the brick pillars under the porch. This porch was very low and consequently dark under it, so before the children and nurses, got back from their walk I succeeded with much pushing, and pulling, in hiding the bundle under the porch.

When your father came home he brought the comforting news that it was a false alarm; the boy who caused the alarm lived in terror of the Yankee because on one occasion when he and some other boys were set to guard prisoners who were being carried through Selma, one prisoner tried to escape and this boy shot and fatally wounded him, when he refused to halt. The other prisoners were very much incensed, and swore to kill him. He knew these prisoners had been exchanged, so whenever he heard that there were Yankees in the neighborhood he was scared to death. As he was a great coward the other boys delighted in tormenting him, and that day several of them who were out hunting, saw him going to town and rode shooting, and shouting after him. He of course thought they were Yankees.

But to return to the bundle: We brought it in once more, and after consultation, decided to entrust it to my carriage driver, Uncle Burrell, a faithful good old man, telling him to hide it where he thought best. He hid it in a little thicket of haws on the bank of a ditch, and after all danger was over your father went with him to get the bundle. When he returned he told me that the hiding place was so secure that if Uncle Burrell had died we would never have found it. There had

been a succession of very hard rains, and when I opened the bundle I found to my horror that the box containing my jewelry had come entirely to pieces, and my locket, containing my brothers picture, and his wife's hair, was coated with mud, and I thought of course ruined. But after rubbing it free of mud I found to my great relief, that it was uninjured, and the rest of my jewelry shone as beautifully as ever, after it was washed.

Your Uncle Cobbs concealed your aunts jewelry by removing the weights from the Church windows, making them up in small bundles and dropping them in the hollows for the weights. Your aunt Ree preferred keeping her pearls and some of her wedding silver at home. She hid them under the roots of a large tree that grew by the walk between the gate and the house. When she turned from covering them up she saw Clary, her cook, standing on the porch and watching her, with the most miserable expression of face. She begged your aunt to move them, for though she had "rather die than tell on her," she might be forced to. Your aunt asked her if she meant that her husband Jack, who did not belong to your aunt, would force her to tell. She burst into tears and turned and went to her house without a word. So the hiding place was changed. She put them up the parlor chimney and forgot she had done so. When the fire was made the first cool day in the fall she suddenly remembered her pearls, and taking the tongs pulled them down just as the paper around the case was beginning to blaze. Remarkable to say the pearls were not at all injured. None of us believed that Clary would have betrayed any of the family, for she had been raised to play with your aunt Ree, and myself, and was the granddaughter of Mother's mammy, who nursed all of Mother's children too, she seemed always to regard Mother as her child, and that she must protect her. I have often heard her tell how at the time of Nat Turner's rebellion, when she was living in James City County Va. Father was absent, and she at home with just the little children, and Mother was naturally dreadfully frightened, feeling so unprotected. Mammy brought her bed in Mother's chamber, leaving her own children, and grandchildren in her house in the yard, saying: "You needn't be scared Miz Mary, I will bayonet any nigger that comes in this yard. I has come to take care of my child." She had found an old army musket with the bayonet on it in the garret which she expected to use. Coming of this blood Clary could not help being faithful.

CHAPTER 8

As the tide of war seemed to be moving this way, the ladies decided to prepare a hospital. We had a house rented and right well equipped when the Confederate States Government sent an agent to establish an Army Hospital here, consequently it took a very short time to complete the preparations. It was not occupied for some time, though a number of convalescent soldiers who needed proper food and rest were sent to Uniontown, and entertained at the private houses. Of course we were all delighted to have them in our homes, and gave them every care and attention. When they were strong enough to go back to the army we provided them with comfortable clothing. Among the many soldiers who stayed with us was a young Missourian, Mr. Weaver, a member of the famous Cockrell's "Fighting Brigade". He had been dreadfully wounded, and even on his crutches found great difficulty in walking. When the end of his month's furlough drew near, his wound was so far from being healed, that your father got his furlough extended and he was with us so long, that I grew very much attached to him. He was only a boy, but so brave and anxious to return to duty, and was so very patient. Though he suffered agonies with his wound, I never heard him complain. He was also suffering dreadfully with his eyes and his gratitude for even so small a matter as soft handkerchiefs was touching. It seemed to be a great comfort to him to talk to me about his home life, describing the prairies which he loved so much, and the beautiful prairie flowers. He delighted Beverly, telling how he made traps for "birds and varments," and teaching him how to make them. When at last he was able to walk they would visit the traps together. Your aunt Pat was staying with me and made quite a pet of him, helping me nurse, and sew for him. When he received orders to report in Mobile, as his furlough could not again be extended, he left with many regrets on both sides. On reaching Mobile he wrote me such a nice, appreciative letter, to which I replied at once, but I never heard from him again. I often think of him, and even now, after all these years, can see him distinctly. I would give anything to know if he got back home safely, and is still alive. I certainly hope he has prospered as he deserved.

Speaking of my sick soldiers, my old friend Mrs. H. had a very funny experience. She also had a sick boy to care for and managed to communicate with his mother, who succeeded in getting through the lines. When she arrived Mrs. H. was horrified at her appearance,

thought her a monstrosity, for she was as broad as she was long, but when she came from her room after seeing her sick boy, Mrs. H. was amazed to find her rather a slim woman. She had brought wound around her body, and pinned to her underclothing, medicine, and clothes for her sick son. Soldiers very often stopped in passing to ask for dinner, or food to take with them. I remember once a squad of soldiers stopped in the grove near our house to rest, and just as dinner was brought in two of them were sent to ask for food. That day we had both hot ham, and turkey for dinner, so I had turkey, ham, and all the rest of the dinner sent to them, we making our dinner on cold bread and butter. Numbers of them came to bring back the plates, knives and forks, and said they wished to thank me for their dinner, it had been so long since they had eaten such food it was almost like a dinner at home.

The fortitude and cheerfulness of our soldiers under the greatest privations was really wonderful when so many of them had been accustomed to such luxury. All through the war I never sat down to the table, that I did not feel that I would give anything to send my nice food to the boys in grey, and in the bitter winter weather, I could not really enjoy my bright fires, thinking they were suffering so with cold. Of course the soldiers from the far South suffered more intensely with cold than did those from the more Northern states. We were always on the watch for soldiers to pass, and on the first intimation that they were coming Beverly would go running to the gate, and scramble up on the horseblock, calling out to them: "Howdy soldiers" which seemed to afford them great amusement. They would always stop to shake hands, and talk with him telling him to hurry up and grow big enough to be a soldier too. He would come back to the house very proud and happy, wanting at once to select the horse he would ride, saying, he was "most big enough now," and that he would take with him Washington, your mammy's son, his little body servant, who was equally anxious to go, but said he had "rather ride a mule". They selected a different horse and mule each time.

The ladies in town always managed to find out when a detachment of soldiers was to pass through on the train, and great preparations were made. All the ladies, and boys, would assemble at the depot, loaded down with food and flowers. As soon as the train stopped they divided, and one half taking each side of the train, would walk down the length of the train, holding up their offerings, which were eagerly

taken by the soldiers, through the windows, and some of them would always get off to shake hands, and talk with the ladies. Miss P. who was quite low and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, (you can picture how she looked), was always to the fore on these occasions. The ladies were very much amused one day when Miss P. had been especially prominent distributing food and flowers, when one of the soldiers to whom she had been very attentive, bestowing on him a raw onion and a bunch of flowers as a parting gift, exclaimed as he walked off: "Look boys, ain't she bully." Her face was a study for she did not know whether he meant it as a compliment or was laughing at her; however, she was hardly so prominent after this.

The negroes always begged to be allowed to furnish something for the soldiers to eat, and were delighted to help take the waiters to the train. It seems strange that facing the grim realities as they did, the soldiers should have been delighted to receive flowers, really seeming to care more for them than for the food they so sorely needed. The Yankee prisoners who were sometimes on board came in for a share of the food. I laughed very much at a friend, who had taken down to the train some cakes she thought extra nice. As she passed one of the windows with her waiter, a prisoner reached out and took a whole cake. When she saw it was a Yankee who had taken the cake she was very angry and told him she wished she had filled that one with pins. This did not seem to prevent him from enjoying the cake, and as the train pulled out, he leaned from the window bowing and waving his thanks, which only added fuel to the flame of her anger.

The Army of the West was now so near us that wounded soldiers began to arrive at the hospital in Uniontown, and we vied with each other in keeping them supplied with fowl, vegetables, fruit, butter, milk, and fresh eggs. As they grew stronger they were allowed to ride out in the country, reporting at the hospital at night. There was one very delicate boy who used to come to me every day for fresh milk. I grew very much interested in him. He was evidently gently born and bred. The evening before he was going back to the army, he came down to tell me goodbye and to thank me, though I felt like thanking him for giving me the great pleasure of serving him. I remember very especially a little soldier from Louisiana who was very fond of coming to talk politics with me. He was quite "frenchy," and talked with much animation, was most anxious for Gen. McClellan's election, saying, "that would end the war at once." A great many of the soldiers came down

to return books, and to thank me for the comforts I had the privilege of giving them. They all talked so bright, and cheerfully of the end of the war,

“They knew not futures awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure,
As heaven itself.”

CHAPTER 9

In the small space these pages afford me, it is impossible to pay fitting tribute to all our heroes, though I pay it in my heart. But it would be rank ingratitude and treason for any Southerner in writing of those times to make no mention of President Davis, that true patriot, whose public and private life was the purest. He was one of the greatest statesmen the United States has ever produced, and as the years roll on he is accorded more and more, the justice due him at home and abroad. Words cannot express the bitter anguish of the South at the death of our President. Memorial services were held through the South, all church bells being tolled. Alabama is proud to remember that she was the first of the Southern States after the war, to invite President Davis to be her guest, and to lay the cornerstone of the Confederate Monument at Montgomery, "The Cradle of the Confederacy."

I cannot pass over the woe and agony, that shook the South, when great "Stonewall Jackson" fell. The Fourth Alabama, was under Jackson's command, prior to the battle of Manassas, and frequently afterwards served under him, which of course brought his death closer home to us. How lasting was the love his men felt for him, was very touchingly showed by an incident that occurred at the unveiling of the Lee statue in Richmond, the summer of 1890. A number of old soldiers who had come to witness the unveiling, were found sleeping around the statue of Jackson, and when asked why they had not gone to the quarters assigned them, said "we were Jackson's men, so felt we must sleep around the old man just once more." To my mind history has given no more beautiful or touching example of love for one of the greatest leaders of a lost cause.

"To die for Dixie, oh how blest,
Were those who early went to rest,"

But Gen. Lee's was the harder part, "To live for Dixie," you know how nobly he took up the burden of life, after Appomattox. When he thought duty called, he left the privacy of the home that was so dear to him, to accept the position of President of Washington, and later

Washington and Lee University, and train the young men of the South, to love, honor, and serve their country even as he had:

“And men by time made wise,
Shall in the future see
No name hath risen or ever shall rise
Like the name of Robert Lee.”

And Jeb. Stuart, our Prince of Cavaliers, the greatest cavalry leader the Confederacy produced, whose courtesy proved his kingly blood. He too, was worshipped by his men, and his name is inseparably linked with Lee's and Jackson's. Gen. Lee showed his confidence in his military genius by placing him in command of Jackson's men at Chancellorsville, after Jackson was wounded, and Stuart proved the wisdom of this choice by leading infantry with as great ability as he showed in leading cavalry. I speak of the four who were counted our greatest, though among so many great, it is hard to say who was greatest.

And the private soldier:

“Yours was the grand, heroic nerve
That laughed amid the storms of war—
Souls that “love much” your native land
Who fought and died there for.
You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,
Your blood—you had no more.”

It seems a queer coincidence that the first of the battles around Richmond was fought on my grandfather Storr's place, “Hunslet Hall,” which was named after the old family place in Darbyshire England. The breast works thrown up on the beautiful meadow at the back of the house destroyed its beauty for many a day. And the first battle around Williamsburg was fought on my grandfather Semple's place “The Retreat,” When Williamsburg was occupied by the Yankees a very touching incident occurred in connection with the raiding of your grandfather Judge Christian's house. You know all of your father's family had moved to Alabama before the war, renting out the dear old home in Williamsburg, they rented a house across the street for Aunt Fanny, a very favorite old negro, who was opposed to leaving Williamsburg, where most of her life had been spent.

An old friend of the families, Col. Mc C. promised to take care of Aunt Fanny, and receive for her the monthly allowance sent by the family. When she saw the Yankee soldiers go in her Master's house she followed, begging them to spare that house. They paid no attention to her but begun to break with axes the splendid old marble mantelpieces brought from England. She begged for the pieces, but they told her to go home, and let them alone. She went home and cooked all the meal she had into ashcakes, which you know is strictly a Southern bread, and was a novelty to them. Returning to your grandfather's house, she told them she would give an ashcake for each piece of marble. They consented gladly to this, and she went back home with her arms piled up with pieces of her beloved mantels. Ah me, I see these mantels so clearly now, the one in the salon, was of pure white marble, and that in the parlor of black, veined in white, with an occasional red vein. When I was a tiny child I loved to stand before that mantel, and trace the veining, imagining there was the outline of a mouse of the right-hand side of the fireplace.

Nothing of moment broke the smooth current of home life from day to day, though we were always unhappy and troubled about the army. It never entered our heads even for a moment, that there could be but one ending to the war, and many plans were made as to what we would do "when the war was over." We had selected the site for a handsome house, on a hill in the beautiful grove to the right hand side of the old house. We often discussed plans, and expected to begin to build just as soon as the war was over. My sympathies were very much excited by the "corn women," as we called them. They came from the mineral region of Alabama, which was very poor from an agricultural point of view, the mineral wealth had not then been dreamed of. They were too poor to own slaves, so cultivated the land with their own hands, and when the men went in the army, the women were left to do all the work.

By the last two years of the war these women were in a pitiful condition of want, and numbers of them came through the Canebrake, soliciting aid; they were a very illiterate class, and it was a revelation to us that women could look as they did. They refused to accept money, but said they wanted corn, meat, and peas. I remember once your father got back home just in time to save his seed peas. I had seen sacks of peas piled up at the ginhouse, and was on the point of having them sent to the depot with the corn for the corn-women. Your father

saved his seed, but had quantities of other peas which he divided with them. If any one could be said to deserve credit for doing their duty, their "men folks," did for going in the army, and the women for bearing their poverty so patiently. They always spoke proudly of "my man" being a soldier. They would not accept clothing for themselves, but were delighted to be given anything for their little children. I think they were helped by everyone.

CHAPTER 10

I will now take up the thread of my memories after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, of which we did not hear for some little time, the few lines of telegraph, and railroads, being destroyed in many places. I cannot touch on the surrender, for to dwell on this anguish unutterable is to unfit me for any thing else, so I will go on to the battle of Selma.

I can never forget that beautiful, peaceful Sunday morning. Just as we were going to breakfast we were startled by a rush and roar, that was almost continuous, and was evidently rapidly moving trains. But we could form no idea of why they were being moved. Your father hurried through breakfast, and rode up to town to see if he could find out any thing. He came home at dinner time telling me that Gen. Taylor had decided to make a stand at Selma, and was trying to save the small supply of rolling stock left us, by sending it on to Meridian, Miss., and burning the bridge over the Cahaba after the trains passed, that there was very little hope of holding Selma, but that Forrest would try to delay the Yankees there, to give Montgomery a longer time for preparation, as the Capitol was supposed to be the point for which the Yankees were pressing. It was belived in Uniontown that while the main body of the Division stopped in Selma, that a detachment of raiders were to be sent through this part of the country, coming by way of Marion, as the Cahaba bridge had been burned.

The citizens of Uniontown held a meeting, and decided that the Home Guards would go up the dirt road to Marion to meet the raiders, and try to turn them back. Thinking of this now it seems to me that had they met the raiders this mere handful of old men, invalids, and boys would have been wiped from the face of the earth, leaving the women and children at the mercy of the raiders and negroes. As the company was to leave in the early afternoon, I had to begin at once having rations prepared for your father, and Wash, whom he took with him, and packing his knapsack which he had always kept, hoping that he might finally be accepted, and have a chance to use it in the army. Needless to say I was miserable, but in common with all the women of the South, never thought of trying to hold your father back from duty. As soon as he left I begun to make hurried preparations to come up to town to stay with your aunts as your father thought it unsafe for me to remain in the country alone.

It was a dreadful trial to have to leave home. All the negroes collected around the house and gate, begging me not to leave them. They even followed the carriage down the road crying and could only be quieted by my promising to come back very soon. They seemed to think that I could protect them from the Yankees, of whom they were horribly afraid. Of course I knew they were in no real danger, and that if I remained I might be subjected to gross insult, and accomplish nothing. Your father stopped at your aunt's to tell them that I was coming, so Sister Anne and Mary came down to help me pack. But when they got there the carriage was at the door and I ready to leave, so we all came back to town together. The next few days were spent in anxious watching and waiting, as we could not hear from Selma. Finally the Home Guards came back, having heard that the raiders had come by another road and were in possession of Uniontown. This was of course a mistake.

The men left the horses in the woods near town in charge of the negroes they had taken with them, and came in secretly on foot to find out the state of affairs, before they could decide on what steps to take. At bedtime that night your father walked in the back door to my great relief and surprise as I had no idea that the Guards had returned. He went on down to the plantation the next morning and found everything in order, the negroes going on quietly with their field and yard work and they were perfectly happy to see him. He thought it best for me to stay in town as we could not find out where the raiders were. We left home in such haste that we did not conceal anything, and we knew that if the raiders came they would destroy everything of value, so your father decided to divide the contents of the smokehouse, and storeroom, among our most trusted servants to keep until we came home, thinking the Yankees would not interfere with anything belonging to a negro, and to their credit be it said that everything was returned safely.

That night just before bed time, Clary came in great alarm to tell us that the street was full of men on horseback, that they were sitting perfectly still and seemed to be watching the house, and that Uncle George, Mother's old driver who drove the carriage out from Virginia, was hiding in the shrubbery, thinking to find out from their voices if they were Yankee soldiers. He soon crept in saying he could find out nothing, as they were perfectly silent. We did not know what to do as there were only ladies and children in the house, but at last your

aunts Pat and Mary decided that the suspense was unendurable, so they went out, and spoke to the man nearest the gate, asking him who they were and what they wanted. He said they were Confederate soldiers, trying to get to Demopolis, but thought they had lost their way. Your aunts gave them directions and they rode off; we never heard what became of them.

It was some days before we could get any reliable information about the battle of Selma, then we had a very full account from some of the men who took part in it. We had only a detachment of soldiers there, but the people of Selma and the surrounding country assembled hastily, and threw up breastworks, dug trenches, and made what preparation they could in the few hours time before the arrival of the Yankees. There has rarely been greater bravery showed in the defense of a town. Boys fought like veterans, their officers having to force them to surrender, seeing that further resistance was useless. Even the ministers and old men more than seventy years old, dug trenches, and manned them, and boys fought side by side with their grandfathers. The Presbyterian minister, and the rector of St. Pauls, Mr. Ticknor, who was a personal friend of ours, were both seriously wounded. Of course the fall of Selma was inevitable, for the trenches were so hastily dug, and so poorly manned, that the Yankees literally rode over them. But the end for which it was fought was accomplished, as the Yankees remained there for some time, instead of pushing on to Montgomery; their occupation of Selma was a dream of horror. They plundered and destroyed property, sacking stores, piling what they did not want in the street and firing the pile.

Just here I must tell you of an incident that happened in connection with the burning of the groceries. Dr. Longhorne had hired out a negro carpenter belonging to him, in Selma, and nothing was heard of Alf for some time. It was supposed he had gone to the Yankees as so many of them did, when he suddenly appeared riding a horse that he said he had "picked up," and was loaded down with sacks of sugar, which he turned over to Mrs. Longhorne, saying, when he saw the sugar burning he thought about "Miss Lucy's nice preserves, and just had to take some for her." He stopped by our plantation to get water and showed me what he was "bringing Miss Lucy".

A number of negroes in Selma at that time were owned by people in this part of the country, and they seemed to be dreadfully afraid of

falling into the hands of the Yankees. Some of them escaped from Selma, and although the bridge had been burned, they succeeded in crossing the river. Your aunt Ree had allowed one of her negroes named Henry, to go to Selma, and hire himself out, sending her his wages. A day or so after the battle of Selma he arrived at your aunt's saying, that Selma had fallen, and he did not know what to do, so had come to her. Such cases as this, show the childlike dependence of the slave on his owners. Later that summer he told your aunt that he wished to return to his relatives in Virginia, but was afraid to travel alone. She soon heard of friends who were going to Virginia and asked them to take charge of Henry, and he wrote her from Richmond that he "was safe home". To return to the occupation of Selma: at the beginning of the war there was a carriage factory there, but as no one had money to spend on luxuries it had remained well stocked with vehicles. The Yankee having no use for these rolled them out and burned them.

The citizens were kept constantly hard at work to keep their houses from taking fire from the piles of property burning in the streets. The soldiers plundered private houses, taking everything of value they could find. Of course everyone tried to conceal their valuables, and some succeeded in doing so in the most remarkable manner. The soldiers seemed to have the greatest desire for watches or jewelry, and dug up every yard where they supposed anything of value might be concealed or buried. A friend of your father's who had a very handsome watch knowing this was afraid to bury it at home. He was sitting on the street thinking where he could hide it, when like an inspiration it came to him that just here was the safest place. So he began to slowly work his bootheel in the sand and when he found the hole deep enough dropped his watch and chain in, smoothed it over with his foot, and left it undisturbed until the garrison was withdrawn, he then went back to the place hardly hoping to see his watch again, but there it was just as he left it and you can imagine he was pleased.

Another instance connected with the occupation of Selma, was an experience of a lady who was a friend of mine. She was staying on her father's plantation near Selma, and had two very handsome diamond rings which she had forgotten to conceal. She heard one morning that a squad of soldiers were coming that way from Selma, and remembering her rings she walked quietly so as not to excite the negroes suspicion, into the vegetable garden, and stooping down as if she was examining

the cabbage plants, made a little hole with her scissors in the walk, and dropped in her rings, packing the soil hard and smooth. As she left the garden she saw the Yankees riding in the front gate. One of our men had spent the night there, so while her sister delayed the soldiers at the front door, she got him out the back way to the stable, gave him a horse and showed him the nearest way to the river bottom where he could hide.

The negroes told the soldiers that jewelry and silver were hidden in the garden, so they dug the entire garden over, but fortunately missed that one little spot in the walk, and as the rest of the silver and jewelry were hidden in the swamp they did not find anything. After searching the garden they came in to search the house, and seeing the unfinished breakfast on the table accused the ladies of "harboring a rebel". Knowing that by this time he was safe, Miss Clara said "yes they had, that it was not the first, and would not be the last, for as long as they lived they would help Confederate soldiers, and that she would defy them to find him. Strange to say they were not angry but said they "admired the grit of Southern women". All the noise and confusion had excited the peacocks violently, and the soldiers never having seen or heard one, thought their peculiar cries were signals, and at each scream of the peacocks they would exclaim: "Hark, hear that," and evidently thinking that a body of our men were hidden in the swamp to ambush them, they mounted their horses and rode rapidly off. Mrs. W. always said she owed her house not being burned, to the peacocks scream.

Soon after leaving Selma garrisoned, they went on to Montgomery.

CHAPTER 11

After remaining in town for a week, we decided it was best to go back to the plantation, and I do not think I shall ever forget how beautiful everything at home looked as we drove up. The roses and other flowers were blooming so beautifully, the air was fragrant, and every thing so green and fresh, wearing such an air of ineffable peace that I felt as if I had waked from some horrible dream. When the negroes heard the carriage coming, they ran up the road to meet me, and I had to stop to speak to them all, and hear them tell how they had missed me, and how safe they felt now that I was at home again. Wash, and Aunt Lucy the cook, wild with joy at having me back, were waiting at the front gate, to take the children in the house. Aunt Lucy wanted me to go at once to the dairy and back yard, to see how many little chickens she had "taken off," and the quantities of butter she had made while I was gone. You know negroes are very like children and she was so proud of what she had accomplished.

After supper the field hands came up to tell "Mistis and the chillun howdy," and so I took up my every day life again. There were occasional alarms that the Yankees were coming, frightening the negroes and consequently the children. It was a fearful strain to look calm, and as happy as I could for the children's sake, for a child's happiness is so dependent on its mother's expression, and my children watched me so closely, feeling that something was wrong, but were too young to fully understand, when they were finally put to bed and the servants out of the house, so that the necessity for keeping up no longer existed, I would let my misery have sway and cry for hours. I remember one night I was sitting by the window waiting for your father's return from town, when I was startled by a tap on the window, and Wash saying in smothered tones: "tis me Mistis, I jus want to tell you when I went to de woodpile jus now, I saw de road from de carriage house gate to de quarters gate is full of men, so I got down on my hans, and knees an crawl to de shadder of de palins to listen, but I can't fin out who dey is or what dey wants, I thought I had better tel yōu I am watchin Mistis, so you won't be uneasy."

I tried not to feel uneasy, but could not help it, and went on in the nursery to see about the children. They were safely asleep, but both nurses gone, and the back door open, so I was even more uneasy. I, of course, thought the men were Yankees, but the idea occurred to me that

some of them might be Masons, which was a great comfort, as I hoped that if I appealed to them as Masons the children and myself might be protected. So I took your grandfather's, your father's, his brother's and my brother's Masonic aprons, and spread them on the trunks containing the things we valued most. Then I heard Aunt Lucy calling me at the back door of the nursery. She and the nurses had been out watching, too. She said she knew "Master was somewheres round" because she had found his horse loose in the backyard, and made Dempsey put him in the stable, she seemed to think that if "Master" was there, every thing was all right. But this made me even more anxious for knowing how reckless he was, I was afraid he would get in trouble with such superior numbers. But in a little while I heard voices in the road, then your father calling William, our head man, to show those gentleman the way to the woods-pasture. He came on in and told me they were disbanded Confederate soldiers trying to get to Demopolis, and were proceeding with great caution for they had been told that the country was overrun with Yankees. We sent them supper, and they left by light the next morning.

Another night when I was waiting supper for your father some one called at the gate, asking, if we would give some Confederate soldiers supper, I said of course I would, and four men walked in. They looked so rough, and were so strangely dressed, two of them having hatchets tied around their waists, that I was frightened, and while they were taking off their hats I got a pistol off the mantel, and concealed it in the folds of my full skirt. They were so different in every respect from the soldiers I had seen before, that I felt very much relieved when Wash came in and took up his station behind my chair. Though the men said they were just from Selma, it was evident they had not been in the battle, for they did not know that Selma had fallen.

When your father came he looked very much surprised to see such rough looking men talking to me. He questioned them about the army, but they showed entire ignorance, contradicting themselves and each other, and though they professed to have left Selma that morning, said they had not crossed the river, which they would have been obliged to do in coming from Selma to Uniontown. So we decided that they were deserters, though from which army we could not tell, but worthy or not, we gave them supper, for never in all my life have I turned any one hungry from my door. After the fall of Selma the country was overrun by men claiming to be disbanded Confederate soldiers. We did

not know whether this was so, or if they were army followers, or deserters from the Yankee garrison in Selma. They frequently stopped for food and water for themselves and horses.

We had hoped to escape having a garrison stationed in Uniontown, as it was such a small place, but after a few weeks of quiet a garrison was sent here. The officers of this garrison were gentlemen, but the private soldiers were very rough. They went around to the different plantations at night, trying to stir up disaffection among the negroes who up to that time had behaved admirably. Your father, after the surrender had all of our negroes to assemble in the yard and told them they were free, that he had now no control over them, that they could go where they wished, but if they wanted to remain in their comfortable homes they could do so, and he would feed, clothe, and pay their doctors bills, though he could not pay wages, until the crop was made and sold. He advised them not to decide at once, but to go back to the quarters and talk the matter over, not doing any work that day, and they could tell him the next morning what they had decided. They went quietly off to the quarters, but in a few hours came to say they wished to remain, and wanted to go back in the field at once.

So things went on in the usual quiet, peaceful way, and though we knew that men from the garrison were frequently at the quarters at night, they never succeeded in making any trouble on our plantation, in which we were more fortunate than many of our friends and neighbors.

The chaplain of the garrison, who was very active in giving the white people trouble, told the negroes that they could not be really free if they remained with their former owners, and they owed it to God who had made them free to leave their owners. This idea of duty to God made a great impression on old Uncle George, who was a religious fanatic, and though we had counted him especially faithful, he left your aunts. He moved off in the night seeming to be ashamed for the family to see him go, and they did not hear of him again for nearly a year.

One day after I moved to town I was going to your aunts with the children, and as I turned a corner we came on a group of negroes, Beverly who was running ahead recognized Uncle George among them, ran to him and called out "howdy Uncle George. He seemed perfectly delighted, and threw himself on his knees by Beverly, and put his arms around him, and when I came up holding out my hand, he cov-

ered it with kisses crying and saying, "you don't furgit the ole man." He took Nell up saying he wanted to carry her for me to your aunts. He told me he had never lost sight of your aunt's lot, but watched it every night to see that no harm came to "my chillun." When we reached the gate he told us goodbye and walked rapidly off. After some time he went to your aunts saying that he wanted to "come back home," and they told him that his house was waiting for him, so he moved in, and resumed his work as if he had never left them. I speak of all these little incidents to show how close was the tie between master and slave.

CHAPTER 12

The children were playing in the yard one morning, when I saw some men talking to your mammy at the gate, and heard her tell Wash to bring the men some water. In a moment Beverly, who was just six years old, came running in and begged me to give him a pistol, that he wanted to go to meet his father because those Yankees said they were going to kill him as he came home from town. I succeeded in getting him quiet and sending him off to play, and was sitting in my room perfectly miserable, trying to think how I could warn your father, for I saw the soldiers sitting on the porch of a house across the road, with their horses tied, evidently watching the road, and I knew if they saw a negro start to town they would stop and search him.

Suddenly Wash came in, closing the door behind him to prevent the other servants hearing, and said, "Mistis, I know you is worried about getting Master word, but if you will write him a note an let me have Star to ride, I can get it to Master before the Yankees over yonder can have time to ketch me." I told him I had no right to let him risk his life, for if he did not stop when they ordered him to, they would certainly shoot him. But he insisted: "Mistis, I can hide de note so dey can't never fin' it." So I decided to write a note to your father, begging him to let his friends know that the Yankees had made this threat, and were waiting for him, and told Wash to hide this note. I also gave him a note to your aunts, asking them for a pattern. If the Yankees stopped him he was to give them the note to your aunts, making no resistance, and when he reached town he was to go to your aunts tying Star at the front gate, and going across lots to your father's office. All of these orders he faithfully carried out, getting back soon, and telling me that "Master" had the note.

After putting the children to bed I sat at the window utterly wretched, watching for your father. At last I heard voices, and a peal of laughter which I recognized as Dr. Hudsons, so felt perfectly safe, knowing his great devotion to your father. He spent that night with us, and the Yankees seeing that we were prepared for them made no effort to fulfill their threat. Your father was taken quite sick that night, so Dr. Hudson remained until late the next day. But as soon as he was out of sight, two soldiers rode up, asking to see your father immediately. To my great trouble he would see them, though he was too sick to be out of bed and thought it best that I should not be present. So I sat in

the nursery, and was soon relieved to hear from the sound of their voices, that they were begging him to get them out of some scrape. They soon rode off, and I was relieved for the time.

We had always considered Wash a great coward, for whenever any fuss occurred among the negroes at the quarters, he always came and begged me to let him sleep in the house. When his grandmother came out from Virginia with your aunt Mattie on a visit, Wash was very anxious to impress her with the wildness of the country, and the many perils to be encountered. Finding that she did not believe his tales, he decided to represent polecats as being most fierce and dangerous creatures. There being no polecats in lower Virginia he knew that she had never seen one. He told her such fearful tales that he became frightened himself, and one night when he was bringing in supper he stepped on an old drake who had gone to bed in the back yard. Dropping the plates he uttered such screams that the entire household rushed to his rescue. You never saw any one look so ashamed as he did when he acknowledged he thought the polecats had him. The other servants laughed at him for many a day, and when his grandmother thought him "upperty" she had only to say: "remember the polecats." However, Wash on several occasions showed great bravery and devotion to your father. He was the grandson of your father's mammy, and I suppose inherited her devotion to him. One night when we were sitting on the porch we heard loud, angry voices at the quarters, the negroes evidently very much frightened, and violently excited. Your father thinking that the Yankees might be interfering with them, ran down to the quarters, forgetting to take his pistol. In a few moments Archer, a negro whom I had never trusted, came running up and said, "Master" had sent for his gun, I was uncertain what to do, fearing Archer wanted to use the gun himself, and still afraid not to send it, as there was a chance that your father might need it.

So I went to get the gun, and Wash followed me and said, "Mistis, you don't trus Archer, so if you wil giv me de gun I wil slip out de front door, an no han but Master shal eber tech dat gun whil I libes". So I gave it to him, and after awhile told Archer he could go on, as his master had the gun, but by the time Wash reached the quarters the Yankees had disappeared. The time your father's gun was stolen Wash showed a great deal of judgment for a negro. Your father had this gun with him on his overland trip to California, and used it in his fight with the Indians on the plains, and so of course valued it

very much. We had come up to Church that morning, leaving your mammy and the children playing on the porch. A soldier from the garrison rode up to the gate, tied his horse and came in. Wash went to the door to ask what he wanted. He did not answer, but walked directly on in my chamber, and took the gun from the corner where it always stood and threw it to his shoulder threatening Wash and Aunt Lucy, who had come running in to help protect my things. So they were afraid to try to stop him, but watching, saw him go to a house across the road which was occupied by an overseer. In the absence of the family, this house was a resort for the soldiers from the garrison. Mr. Wright, one of our former overseers, was spending a few days with us on his way home from the army, but had gone to see an old army comrade that morning, and as Wash could not get to your father he ran straight to him. Mr. Wright went over to the house and found an officer as well as several private soldiers sitting on the porch. He demanded the return of the gun and the officer said he knew nothing about it but that if any of the men had taken the gun they must return it at once. They said they did not have it. Mr. Wright told them he knew which man had committed the theft, and if he did not have the gun then he had hidden it somewhere, and he would report the matter at headquarters, if it was not returned at once. So the man unwillingly and sullenly, led Mr. Wright down in a very thick woods, and showed him the gun, hidden under the side of a fallen tree. The officer expressed great regret when Mr. Wright told him of it and said nothing of the kind should happen again.

It seems very queer that the man should have taken the gun only, as there were four pistols on the mantelpiece, and two watches on the bureau, and a watch was generally too strong a temptation for them to resist. I have often told you of the boundless hospitality of the old South. I think we gave a very clear proof of it one Sunday morning. A fearful cloud was coming up, when a soldier from the garrison in Uniontown, came in, asking for shelter. Your father had his horse put in the stable and when dinner was ready invited him to dine with us, treating him like an invited guest. Your aunt Ree who presided, as I was quite sick at the time, found him quite a nice gentleman. When he left after the storm was over he asked your father to walk to the gate with him, and said, that to show his appreciation of our courtesy, he wished to warn us that the next day an order was to be issued, confiscating firearms of all rebels, that he had noticed a pair of very handsome pistols on the mantel in the diningroom, and would advise your father

to hide them. This was a very troublesome thing to do, as you know your father's fad for collecting pistols, and we had quite a number of them; but finally we managed to conceal them all, without being seen by the negroes, some of whom might have given information to the garrison.

There were many depredations committed by the private soldiers, some of the planters losing both mules and cotton. Your father had sold all of the crop of '64, to a gentleman in Selma, before the surrender, of course, being paid in Confederate money. He asked that we would keep the cotton for him, as he thought it safer in the country, than in Selma, and promised not to hold your father responsible should it be taken. Your aunt Ree was staying with me while your father was absent on a business trip to Sumpter County, when one morning William followed by several other negroes, in a state of great excitement, come running to the back door and told me that a number of Yankee wagons had driven up to the gin house, and were loading up with cotton, and asked if they must try to protect it. I was not willing that the negroes should risk anything, but your aunt and I were starting to the gin house to see if remonstrance would do any good, when a gentleman from town who had found out in some way that the wagons had started for our plantation, and as he knew your father was not at home, came down to advise me not to interfere for I could accomplish nothing.

We went back to the house, but it was certainly trying to see the wagons drive off loaded with cotton. I do not think I would have felt so badly had the loss been ours, though we were in no way to blame as your father was not responsible for the cotton. We were fortunate in losing only one mule, though that was the most valuable one we owned. A wagon had been sent to town one morning, and did not get back in the afternoon, as we expected, so we went to bed feeling very uneasy about the driver, who was one of Mother's old servants. He came home during the night with the wagon, but only three mules, and said that when he was coming home he was overtaken by some strange men, who forced him to unload his wagon by the roadside, and go with them to take a load of cotton to Coffee Springs depot. After reaching the depot they made him unharness Mike, and rode off with him, telling Archer that three mules were enough to get him home.

Your father had a large pen, ten feet high, built in the yard at

the quarters to keep the mules in at night. It was built of very heavy logs, the door was locked and heavily barred on the inside, and William, after locking and barring the door would have to climb out over the pen. Your father lent pistols to the four men whose houses were nearest to the pen, and they took turns in watching. They often reported in the morning that they had seen men around the pen who had run off when they shot.

CHAPTER 13

I must tell you of a funny incident about my carriage mules. After my carriage horses were impressed we drove a pair of twin iron grey mules that were very much admired. They were genuine grey coated rebels, as they showed by refusing to pass under the United States flag which the garrison had stretched across the main street. Although the mules were perfectly gentle, when they saw the flag they wheeled, nearly upsetting the carriage, and ran down a side street. This seemed to afford great amusement to the soldiers. I was very much relieved that the soldiers did not try to force them under the flag, as they did Aunt Betsy's horses. She drove in from Wakefield one day, not knowing that the flag was stretched across the street and the first intimation she had of anything unusual was one of her gentle old horses stopped, and when old Uncle Jim tried to force her on, commenced rearing and then tried to lie down. Aunt Betsy was very much frightened as the soldiers on the side walk were calling to Uncle Jim, ordering him to make her "pass under the flag." Some of Aunt Betsy's friends came to her relief and helped her out of the carriage. She was crying with fright as she was quite an old lady and very nervous. The soldiers then rushed at old Kate, forced her to get up and dragged her under "the flag". They seemed to think they had won a great victory over an old lady, her old driver, and her old horse. After that Aunt Betsy always took care to drive down a side street so old Kate was not forced to "pass under the flag" again.

A friend of mine in Selma refused to "pass under the flag," and two common soldiers seized her by the arms, forcing her to pass, and repass under the flag. Her friends found out that she was to be tried and sentenced to mark time on the street for several hours the next day, so that night they got her off in the country where she stayed until the garrison was withdrawn, and so escaped this degradation. Of course the ladies of Selma stayed closely at home after this, fearing like treatment. During the summer your aunts were in the habits of locking up down stairs at night, and sitting on the upper gallery. There was no gentleman in the house, only your cousin Willie who was then a little boy. So they felt safer up stairs. Several big oak trees grew so close to the house that the branches met over the gallery, so they felt very private, and thinking their conversation could not be heard they talked freely to each other. One day Jack, Clary's little boy, brought your aunt Ree a note saying a gentleman had sent it. She naturally read it, and found

it a threatening note from a Yankee soldier, saying, he had heard her speak unkindly of the garrison, so thought he would tell her what he thought of Southern women, and that he "would get even with her" before he left. She tore the note in two and put her foot on it, and told Jack to tell that man how his note had been received. She then wrote to Col. Britton, as he had requested that the ladies would let him know if they were interfered with, and he promised to punish the offender.

Some of the officers of the first garrison stationed here were really nice gentlemen, and made themselves disliked by the private soldiers, attempting to restrain and punish them for their lawless deeds. Many were the threats made by the soldiers who seemed to be a very low class, as to what they would do to the officers when they went "back North," and "those men got the stripes off their shoulders". One officer I especially remember, Adjutant Bull, visited many of the nice families in the neighborhood. Your father saw a great deal of him in town and liked him very much. He found out, I do not remember how, that a plot was on hand to kill him. So going to your father, Dr. Hudson, and other gentlemen, he asked them to assist him in escaping from the soldiers. I think he applied for leave of absence, not stating where he was going. Your father sent him down to our plantation, while he remained in town to allay suspicion. Neither your aunt Ree who was with me, nor I, had ever seen him, but he gave me a note from your father, saying, that he did not wish anyone to know who he was, that the house servants must be told he was "Master's," friend, and as he was not in uniform they would not suspect him of being a soldier.

When your father came he advised that Adjutant Bull's meals should be served in his room, telling the servants he was sick. Early the next morning your father came up to town to find out if the Adjutant's absence had been noticed. Some hours after your father left, two gentlemen, friends of ours, rode up, saying, that the Adjutant's hiding place had been discovered and they had been sent by your father to take him to Dr. Coleman's plantation, which was across the swamp, and very near a railroad station. The night that Adjutant Bull was with us, the soldiers found out that he had been seen riding down the Selma road, so they started out to search the houses on that road, stopping first at Mr. Nicolson's, where they demanded the keys and looked in every locked place, searched bedrooms, and turned the house upside down. Then they went on to old Col. Boyds, who was giving a wine party to

some of the officers. These officers were absent without leave, so when they heard the soldiers coming they thought they had better hide. One who could not make his escape from the dining room, knelt down in the corner, and Miss P. who was a perfect elephant of a woman, and in her hoopskirt covered quite a space, stood before him completely hiding him from view, and it would have been a brave man indeed who attacked Miss P., even had they seen him. This was a literal case of hiding behind skirts though not his wife's. The soldiers came in, ate everything on the table, and drank all the wine, getting so drunk that they could not continue the search, and went back to town. So we were saved from a visitation that night. But to return to Adjutant 'Bull's flight,' he rode off with the gentlemen, and we felt greatly relieved thinking he was safe, but that afternoon a Yankee officer came and asked for the Adjutant. We, of course, said he was not there, he insisted he was, or had been, reiterating, "I am his friend". We asked his name, as your father had told us the names of the Adjutant's friends, but he gave an assumed name, so we replied to every question, that we did not know where he was, which was true, for we did not know if he had stopped at Dr. Coleman's, or gone on to Selma, and were afraid to trust the man's assertion that he was his friend. At last he left very much annoyed with us, but fortunately before he reached town, he met your father who knew him, and they came back together to eat supper, and go on to Dr. Coleman's. I wish you could have seen the look of triumph he gave us when he came in. He told your father he would never say again that a lady could not keep a secret. After supper they went on to Dr. Coleman's to hide the Adjutant in the swamp near the railroad station as Dr. Coleman's negroes had betrayed his hiding place. Your aunt and I sat by the window all night, and saw number of soldiers go by, and as they were on the right trail, I expected your father to be killed for having undertaken this man's protection. I knew he would go to any length to secure it. Fortunately the soldiers got lost in the swamp, so were late in reaching the station. Your father's party was late too, but managed to toss the Adjutant on the back platform, just as the train was pulling out, and turned to face the baffled soldiers, who when they found their prey escaped rode back without a word. You can imagine my relief when your father came home just at day-break, unhurt, but oh, so tired! When Adjutant Bull reached a place of safety he wrote your father a most grateful letter.

One night when your aunt Pat, your father, and myself, were sitting on our front porch, I was attracted by the red-bird that had a nest

in the beautiful oak tree with the white Cuban rose on it, that grew at the end of the porch giving the distressed note they make when they are disturbed at night. Then I heard movement, and distinctly saw a shadow. In a moment I heard the rustle of leaves, and saw another shadow, against the tree by the steps. Of course I at once thought of the threats that had been made against your father's life by the private soldiers. I scarcely knew what to do. I was afraid to tell him, knowing that he would go directly to the spot, presenting a fair mark in the light from the windows to anyone who wished to shoot him. So I got up and stood between him and the shadows, just moving slightly all the time to confuse their aim if they were going to shoot. I kept this up for it seemed to me hours, and at last heard a faint movement, so faint, that if my ears had not been strained I could not have heard it at all; then the soft click of the latch. The gate was in such deep shadow that it could not be seen. I said nothing of this until the next morning, fearing your father would go to look for the men. The negroes at the quarters reported the next morning having seen two men ride very fast "down de big road," from the house just before bed time. I believe one of them was the man who stole your father's gun and had come to kill him, but hesitated to kill a woman.

Late that fall the garrison was changed, because the soldiers reported at headquarters that the officers were Southern sympathizers and were too friendly with the citizens. We were mighty sorry to see these officers go for they had become very popular. The new garrison was composed of Western men, and it made them furious to suggest they fought for the freedom of the negro. They said they fought for the flag, and hated the negro. Their officers never affiliated with the citizens, and there was frequent trouble between them and the negroes. At last the garrison was withdrawn, to our great joy.

CHAPTER 14

The fall after the surrender it became necessary for your father to practice his profession which delicate health had prevented his doing up to this time. But after the war our means were so reduced, that the question of his health could no longer be considered. So he decided to open a law office, and moved to Uniontown, renting the Rectory, which was vacant, as the Bishop had appointed your Uncle Cobbs principal of the girl's school at Spring Hill. I cannot tell you the fearful trial it was to me to leave my home, even though it was home for only those five terrible but glorious years, and to adjust myself to the new conditions. Among other troubles and changes, that of hired servants who were incapable and ignorant of their duties, from when I left the plantation very few of my old negroes came with me as most of them had large families whom they were unwilling to leave.

I will not dwell on "carpet bag" misrule, to which our hapless country was subjected, or the "Klu Klux Klan" as so much has been written on these subjects. The "Klu Klux Klan" was our only protection, and in this part of the country was never abused, only safeguarding in most urgent cases the life and honor of women and children. I speak from positive knowledge, as your father was most prominent in this movement, and so wise and fearless. He was in more actual danger than he was in during the war, while I with all other Southern women could only stay at home and suffer: "For men must work, while women must weep."

Alabama did escape the degradation of having a negro in the United States Senate, but had several negro Congressmen. Two negroes from Uniontown, John Dosier and Green Lewis, were in the State Legislature. Aunt Winnie, the mother of Green Lewis, was cooking for me, while he was posing as a lawmaker. She came from Virginia, and had belonged to Uncle Wat, an older brother of Uncle John Tyler's. She was a very intelligent negro, but superstitious, as all negroes are, living in terror of seeing "hants," as she called ghosts. She came to me one morning and said that she was sorry to leave "one of the family," but that her constitution was too delicate to stand the strain of seeing "hants," and she had seen one in the back yard the night before. When she described the appearance of the "hant," and where she had seen it I knew she had seen your father. He, hearing a noise in the yard the night before, jumped up and put on one of the children's shaker bon-

nets, and went out to investigate. I suppose he did present a very remarkable appearance in his white nightclothes and the bonnet. I told her the "hant" was your father, but she said that her constitution could not stand another shock, and moved away that day. Old Uncle Peter, the father of Green Lewis, a good simple old darkey, had belonged to Col. A. C. Davidson, who was afterwards Congressman from this District. When Col. Davidson congratulated him on his son's election he said, "Lor' Marse Alec, dat nigger ain't fitten to be a lawmaker, he ain't read 'nuff norvels.". There was a negro postmaster in Uniontown for many years, Dick Terrell, who had belonged to our Terrell cousin's and was with Cousin Robert throughout the war, he seemed to be very faithful, and devoted, while he was a slave.

I was very anxious that we should join the Confederate colony, that went to Brazil soon after the surrender, but your father pointed out to me that it was cowardly for any Southerner to desert his "Mother, the South," in her darkest day. It was due to such men as your father, that the South rose triumphant over her woes, such woes as you of this generation cannot imagine; though you have read and been told much on the subject for to change an expression of the present day the black, (instead of the yellow peril) hung over our heads. Many years of freedom, have proven the impossibility of educating and elevating this race, except in isolated cases, and I think many of the negroes, are beginning to realize this fact. A negro said to me the other day: "White folks was put here befo' de nigger, and dey wil' always stay ahead. De nigger can't never ketch up wid dem."

They were a childlike, weak, credulous race, how credulous is showed by their believing that after their freedom each family was to be given forty acres of land and a mule. They were so firmly convinced of this that a negro who had belonged to Mr. Price, came and told him that he wanted his forty acres down in the "new low lands," and that he had "picked his mule," which was one of the best on the plantation. They did not really understand the meaning of the word freedom, or what right and privileges it gave them. I think with many of them that the highest idea of freedom was that it gave them the franchise. The first election that occurred "after freedom," your aunt Ree had an amusing experience with a negro woman. She was in the yard gathering roses when her attention was attracted by the loud screams of a baby. Looking up she saw walking rapidly from the railroad, a number of negro women, one with a screaming baby over her shoulder. When

your aunt asked what was the matter with the baby, she said, "I reckon it's sick, but I got no time to fool wid it, 'cause I has to git to town to vote." Your aunt said: "You can't vote," and looking very much surprised the woman said: "Why can't I vote? I is free." Ree explained that no woman could vote, and the woman said: "Why, ain't you never voted?" When told no, she still said, "but I ken vote cause I is free." After a consultation with the other negroes they decided they would go on and "try." When your aunt saw them returning she called out, "did you vote?" and looking very much crestfallen, she said, "no, Marm, de wouldn't let we all." A man on Capt. Selden's plantation, who for years had been thought too old for work, but had been most comfortably cared for by his master, on the morning of the first National election after the war, sent to his master asking for the use of a wagon to come to town in, that he wanted to vote for "Mr. Grandison." After many questions as to who he meant, it was found out that Gen. Grant was his candidate.

Before closing these, my disjointed memories, I must relate one more incident, in which our family were very closely concerned. The last day of the year, 1866, was Sunday. Your father had gone to bed with a violent headache and I was trying to keep the children quiet after dinner, when your cousin Parke Terrell came to the door, saying, that he must see your father at once. I was not willing to wake him, and said I could give him the message when he waked. But Parke insisted it was a matter of life and death, that he should see "Cousin Robert," at once. So I waked him and after a few moment talk with Parke he came in, and told me that he must go immediately to your aunt Ree's, and that I must not be uneasy if he did not get back before supper. But of course I was very uneasy and anxious, feeling sure that it was some serious trouble, and in those days when we lived on the brink of a volcano, any thing unusual was upsetting. At last your father came home, and told me that your cousin Willie, and Jack, his negro playmate, while playing in the room adjoining Clary's house, had overheard a very serious plot against the white people. The planters for many miles around had given notice to the negroes that they would all be in Uniontown, the first day of the year 1866, to make labor contracts, for the ensuing year, thinking it well as negroes were so unused to contracts, to have them signed before the proper authorities.

The negroes had plotted to assemble very early in the morning and take possession of the country, they being masters and the white persons servants. This was to be accomplished without bloodshed, if

possible, but if not, then by force. Each one concerned in the plot was to come to town wearing a red badge. This was a very widespread plot, and the plans were well laid, but I am glad to say not one of our negroes were concerned in it. The boys heard Clary begging old Jack, little Jack's father who you know had never belonged to your aunts, not to go to town the next day and to have nothing to do with the plot, as she was so uneasy about her "white folks." Your cousin Willie though he did not understand what a serious thing it was, told his mother at once, and Parke Terrell, who was staying with your aunts came at once for your father. After finding out all he could from Willie, he went out to Clary's house, but old Jack saw him coming, and jumped out the window and ran. When your father questioned Clary she cried bitterly but would only say "Marse Robert, you knows how I love Mis Ella, and all of Mistis chillun, and I promise you no harm shall come to any of dem, but I can't tell you nothing, my life won't be safe if I does". Seeing that he was only wasting time in talking to her, he went on uptown and succeeded in getting a number of gentlemen together. They decided to send messengers to all planters, telling them to come to town very early in the morning heavily armed, which they did (their firearms having been restored to them by Col. Britton, of the first garrison who was stationed here). I suppose Jack must have warned the negroes that "Marse Robert," had found out the plot, for though numbers of them came in wearing the red badge, no trouble came.

But all that day I sat at the window watching the main and side streets. The negroes came in groups of never more than three, to avoid rousing suspicion, and I could see them stopping, and talking, in the large grove back of the Rectory. It was a day of misery unspeakable to me, even after your father came home late that night, and told me he thought all trouble was over. I thought the negroes might return, and try to carry out their plans, and I laid awake all night listening. There was no further trouble of this kind, a number of negroes who were thought to have been ringleaders, moved to Louisiana, and Mississippi, but it was some weeks before the negroes settled quietly to work, and many of them declined to sign a contract, saying, they were "willing to make bargains, but didn't want any writings," or as they would now express it, "didn't want to tech de pen." But of course trouble with the negro was not at an end, and from my knowledge of the race, I believe it will go on forever. I now regret inexpressibly, that I did not write my memories of these times, many years ago, for there is much I wish you to know that has faded from my memory, in this, my eighty-third year.

Finis

APPENDIX

Since writing the foregoing chapters, I have remembered a few other incidents, that I think will possess particular interest for you. Although they happened prior to the period of which I have written those concerned have been spoken of, in the preceeding pages, so it does not seem amiss to me to give them here. I have elsewhere spoken of Ginny, who took care of the little negroes and nursed the sick on our plantation. Your father bought her from Mother, so having known her when I was a child I felt especially interested in her. She was one of the most religious, conscientious, negroes I ever knew and was a "Mother of the Gospel" of a number of the negroes on the plantation. Of course she had "come through" after "seeking" many years before. One evening when she was coming from the cowpen, after milking, she was bitten by a snake. She did not stop to see what kind if snake it was, but came running to the house, screaming and crying, followed by a number of other negroes, all calling out "Sis Ginny is bleegeed to die. A snake done bit her." We were scared to death and sent at once for the doctor, in the meantime using every remedy that we had ever heard of, among other things several drinks of whiskey, which was then thought an antidote for snake bites. When the doctor came he gave her more and she being so unaccustomed to whiskey got very drunk and danced jigs and reels, singing as she danced, like a crazy person, until she was exhausted, and the negroes put her to bed holding her until she went to sleep. She woke the next morning, "clothed and in her right mind," and when the other negroes told her of how she had sung and danced the night before, she was deeply mortified, being such a prominent "member," she felt her fall from grace very keenly.

You know negroes think it an unpardonable sin to dance, or sing a song, after they have "come through." She was perfectly wretched and would not be comforted though the doctor told her that the sin was his, not hers, as he gave her the whiskey. But she insisted for some time that she would have to "seek and get religion over again". I suppose the snake was not a poisonous one as she felt no ill effects afterwards. She lived for many years leading a good, pious life, never again falling from grace. She died with dropsy of the heart during the war and I have never seen greater patience and resignation to suffering which was intense. When the violent paroxysms of pain would pass she would clap her hands and say "Lord, you knows, you knows what's good for me, I don't murmur". Her husband was with our wagon at the salt works

and when she was taken sick your father sent another man to take his place, so he could come home and be with Ginny. It seemed a great comfort to her to be with her husband at the last.

Now about Uncle George's religious fanaticism. He came very near losing his life when I was a child, in his attempt to get to a meeting at Cousin William Armisteads. We had to buy all of our supplies in Mobile, and as there were no railroads then in the Canebrake, they were brought up the river to the nearest landing. That winter the roads and weather were dreadful, but as Mother and her brother, Uncle James Semple, were anxious to get their supplies before Christmas, they each sent a six mule wagon with two drivers for each wagon, to Candy's Landing, for the supplies. When they reached Pickens Creek, they found it out of its banks and covering the bridge. They waited awhile hoping the water would run down, as that creek ran down as quickly as it rose, but it begun to rain hard and grew very dark. Uncle James' two negroes, Sam and Stepney, wanted to force the mules in, although they had been told positively if the creek was up not to attempt to ford it. Uncle George said "Mistis mule shouldn't go in," and made our other driver take Mother's wagon to a safe distance from the creek. Sam and Stepney were so anxious to get to the big "Christmas meeting," that they persuaded Uncle George to help them across, by riding their leading mule into the water, telling him that was his only chance to get to the meeting. So they forced the mules in, but the water was deeper than they thought, which frightened the mules so that they attempted to turn, and falling over the side of the bridge were swept rapidly down stream, breaking loose from the wagon in the fall. Fortunately Uncle George was able to cling to the mule he was riding. The harness on the leading mules caught around a small tree as they were swimming down creek, and Uncle George caught the branches of the tree, and managed to climb it, but he soon found it would be rooted up by the struggles of the mules, so he got out his knife and holding on with one hand managed to cut the harness, though it was so dark that he could not see the mules. Sam was caught under the mule he was riding and both were drowned. His body was not recovered until the spring when the creek ran down. Stepney's body was found the next day, caught on a pile of driftwood. The five remaining mules swam out on the other side and ran to Cousin William's where they were in the habit of stopping on their way to Candy's Landing. As they passed the meeting house the negroes heard them and ran out, fortunately recognizing them as "Mars

Jeems Semples mules," and as they were expecting the wagons that night, they thought some accident must have happened. So taking torches they started to the creek, and heard Uncle George's screams for help several miles before they reached him.

The old man had to cling to the little tree nearly all night, because the negroes had to go some miles to get a skiff to rescue him in. They took him to Cousin William's where he had to remain for several weeks. Uncle James always made a point that we should be together at his house when the Christmas supplies for the two families came, and we were all listening eagerly for the wagon's return, when we saw Mother's other driver coming with her mules. The roads being by this time so bad that he left the wagon by the creek. He rode up calling out, "Stepney, Sam, and ole Winny is drowned," (You know how negroes love to tell bad news) Old Aunt Tillotsy, Stepney's mother, one of whose other children had been killed in the gin not long before, heard him, and came running up from the quarters, screaming, and tearing off her head and neck handkerchief as she ran. She threw herself on the ground rolling over, and over, crying out: "If my chillun died in de bēd I could stan it, but for someone to come long and tell ole Tillotsy "your chile is dead, I can't stan it.". We all did what we could to comfort her, it seemed to make her grief greater that she could not have him buried at home, so Uncle James promised her that as soon as the creek went down he would have the body brought from Cousin Williams where it had been buried. So the poor old woman had the comfort of having Stepney buried with her other children in the negro graveyard, which was on every plantation. His death being such a tragic one, there was an immense crowd at his funeral, and Aunt Tillotsy really seemed proud of "de big funeral." At last Uncle George came home, and we all ran out to meet him. The old man was so overcome at the pleasure of seeing us, and at the memory of that dreadful night, that he cried like a child, and insisted on repeating over and over, the account of his awful experience. I think all that he passed through seriously affected his mind for some years. The death of Sam and Stepney made a very lasting impression on the negroes. They seemed to think it was a direct visitation of God, to punish them for their disobedience.

One of the most wide spread and best organized insurrection plots, ever made in this part of the country, was found out by two little boys, who showed remarkable self control and prudence. They were the sons

of a poor widow, Mrs. Steed, who lived on a little prairie that was covered with long grass. It was a very isolated spot, which I suppose was the reason it was chosen by the negroes for a meeting place. They could see for a distance in all directions, and lying down in the high grass, could not be seen themselves.

The boys were waked one night by the low murmur of voices. The boys opened the door cautiously and got down the steps without being heard then, dropped on their hands and knees, and succeeded in crawling not only near enough to hear what was being said, but to distinguish the ringleaders. The boys kept perfectly still until the meeting was over and the negroes dispersed. The plot was to be carried out in a few days. All the white men were to be killed, reserving the white ladies for the negroes' wives. One of the ringleaders who had been very much indulged by his master and was considered faithful, stipulated that he was to have a handsome suit of clothes which his master had just received from Richmond. The cook on the same plantation said she wished her husband killed "wit his white folks." He was the only negro belonging to this gentleman who was not implicated in the plot, and she would marry another negro and go to Virginia on a bridal trip: This is just a specimen of their plans. The boys came to town the next day and told the leading citizens of the plot. They at once organized a company and going to the different plantations arrested all the negroes who were implicated. They were taken to the nearest jails, then tried and most of the ringleaders hung. This happened in the forties.

The negro character is a strange one, full of contradictions. While capable of forming the dreadful bloodthirsty plots I have told you of, they seem at the same time to be deeply religious, and never so happy as when going to church, and singing hymns. They believe implicitly that God will always answer their prayers.

One of their hymns that I have just remembered, is:

Goldn' harps air ober yondr,
Goldn' harps air ober yondr,
Goldn' harps air ober yondr,
On de oder shoor;

Bime by, we 'ill go an play em,
Bime by, we 'ill go an play em,
On de udder shoor.

Goldn slippers ober yonder,
Goldn slippers ober yonder,
Goldn slippers ober yonder,
On de udder shoor;

Bime by, we 'ill go an ware em,
Bime by, we 'ill go an ware em,
On de udder shoor.

Methdist Meetings ober yondr,
Methdist Meetings ober yondr,
Methdist Meetings ober yondr,
On de udder shoor;

Bime by, we 'ill go an jien em,
Bime by, we 'ill go an jien em,
On de udder shoor.

Mary an Marthy, ober yondr,
Mary an Marthy, ober yondr,
Mary an Marthy, ober yondr,
On de udder shoor;

Bime by, we 'ill go an see em,
Bime by, we 'ill go an see em,
On de udder shoor.

They would go on adding Bible characters as they remembered them and names of persons they expected to see, "on de udder shoor".

I will give you some other fragments, that come to me as I write:

"Way ober in Gerden
You hear dem angels mone,
Such a moneing in de hebens
Gust befo' de break ob day;
We 'ill drink free grace foreber,
We 'ill drink free grace foreber,
We 'ill drink free grace foreber,
And sit all 'round dat thron'."

Another fragment:

"We 'ill lan' on dat shoor,
We 'ill lan' on dat shoor,
We 'ill lan' on dat shoor, chillun,
God will bless for ebermore;
Tis notting but de debil,
An dat you mabe sho,
An less you git converted,
To him you 'ill sholy go."

Their ideas of the hereafter, both heaven and hell, were very crude. Uncle Burrell was talking to your father one day and said that some one of whom he was speaking, was as innocent as an angel in heaven. Your father asked him, "how do you think an angel looks Burrell?" He said: "Well, Marster, I think dey has wings an feathers on em like squabs, an flies bout drinkin milk and honey."

Your mammy you remember, frequently burnt her hands very badly in cooking, and when she inflicted a very bad burn she would exclaim, "Fire is hot but hell is hotter," and seemed to think that this fact eased the pain.

I have spoken in the earlier pages of your father's trip to California, and his fight with the Indians, but I am sure you would like to have a full account of the fight. His last year at William and Mary, his health gave way so entirely that the doctors told his father that he must take an over-land trip to California at once, and that he would probably have to remain there some time. It was a great disappointment to him not to remain and graduate with his class but the doctors would not hear of delay, so he went on to Louisville, Kentucky, to join two young friends, nephews of Judge Tucker's, who were trying to get up a wagon train for the gold fields of California. This was in the "splendid forties" of which so much has been written. One of the boys was even more delicate than your father and much younger. Before they were ready to start an epidemic broke out, which delayed them for weeks and the mother of the young men grew very much devoted to your father, seeing him daily. The morning they started on their trip, your father had to ride back for something that had been forgotten and found the mother at the gate in an agony of grief watching the wagons. She had every reason to think she would never see her invalid

son again. He stopped and tried to comfort her as well as he could and when they parted she confided her son to his care, saying his brother was too young for the responsibility. Your father promised to watch over and care for him, as if he were his own brother, little knowing that this promise would nearly cost him his life.

After some time the young man whom they had thought improving, had a violent hemorrhage which exhausted him so that it was out of the question for him to be moved. The epidemic had delayed the start so that they considered it necessary for the wagons to go on. Your father insisted on staying with the young man until he was able to follow on horseback, thinking they could easily overtake the wagons. So the train went on, leaving them with their horses, and two pack mules loaded with provisions. The young man was very slow in recovering his strength, so by the time they were ready to start there was no sign of the wagon trail, it having been obliterated by the drifting sand. So they had nothing to guide them but a general idea of direction. They traveled on day after day but saw no sign of the wagons. Their provisions gave out, and they suffered intensely for food and water. At last one night when it had become too dark to travel any longer they saw in the far distance a faint glow, that after watching for sometime, they decided was a camp fire, but whether it was their train, or an Indian camp fire they could not tell. So they proceeded slowly and cautiously nearer, then your father leaving the horses in charge of the sick boy, crawled closer, stopping at intervals to listen. At last he heard a voice call out distinctly, "hello". Of course he knew then that they were not Indians, and jumping up, called to his friend to come on. His voice was recognized and the whole camp came running to meet them.

The first man who reached your father was one of the wagon drivers, a Mexican, who with the effusion of the race in his joy at seeing him caught him in his arms, kissing him on both cheeks, before he could extricate himself from the embrace. Their friends had given them up for lost, and were discussing going back the next day to search for them as they were satisfied the Indians were on their trail, having seen solitary Indians on the hill tops, evidently watching the wagons. So the train proceeded very cautiously. Some of the mules had once been captured by the Indians and I suppose very badly treated, for they were horribly afraid of them and with their wonderful sense of hearing and scent, they could detect the approach of an Indian, long before a person could.

Life on the plains had so improved your fathers health that he was able to take his turn standing guard. The first night he was to stand guard was very dark and rainy so it was almost impossible to hear or see anything. In his rounds, knowing this peculiarity of the mules, he would stand by them awhile, to see if they were aware of the approach of Indians, and very soon he found that one of them showed great signs of fright, trembling and crouching. He felt so sure that Indians were near, that he fell on his knees, feeling for the rope of the bell mare, and led her in camp. Of course every mule and horse followed her; he roused the camp as quickly and quietly as he could. They made hurried preparations to receive the Indians, forming a hollow square to wait. The Indians crept nearly to the camp, then charged on their ponies, yelling and shouting as they came to stampede the horses. To their surprise they were given a warm reception, many of their braves being sent to the happy hunting grounds. They drew off, reformed, and charged down on another side of the camp, repeating this three times. Their losses were so great, and their reception so warm that they finally withdrew, carrying off their dead and wounded. Strange to say not one of the wagon train was even wounded. It was a very remarkable affair altogether, for they never caught a glimpse of another Indian.

When you all were little children your favorite game was to fight the Indians. You used to make tents of blankets on the porch and in the front yard, some of you playing Indian and the other the beseiged. This seige seemed to be so realistic to both sides that the beseiged were really and truly frightened, while the Indians would give the most blood curdling yells as they charged down on the camp. The Indians were arrayed in blankets, and decorated with feathers in the hair. This would go on until all were wild with excitement, and I would have to stop the game for that day. I some times wonder if this was an inherited memory of your father's Indian fight.

THE END

